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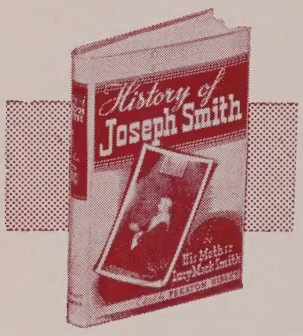

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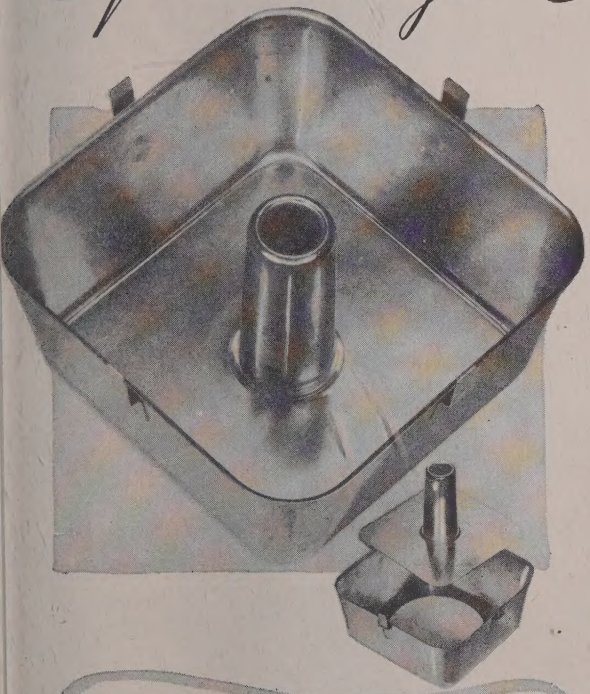

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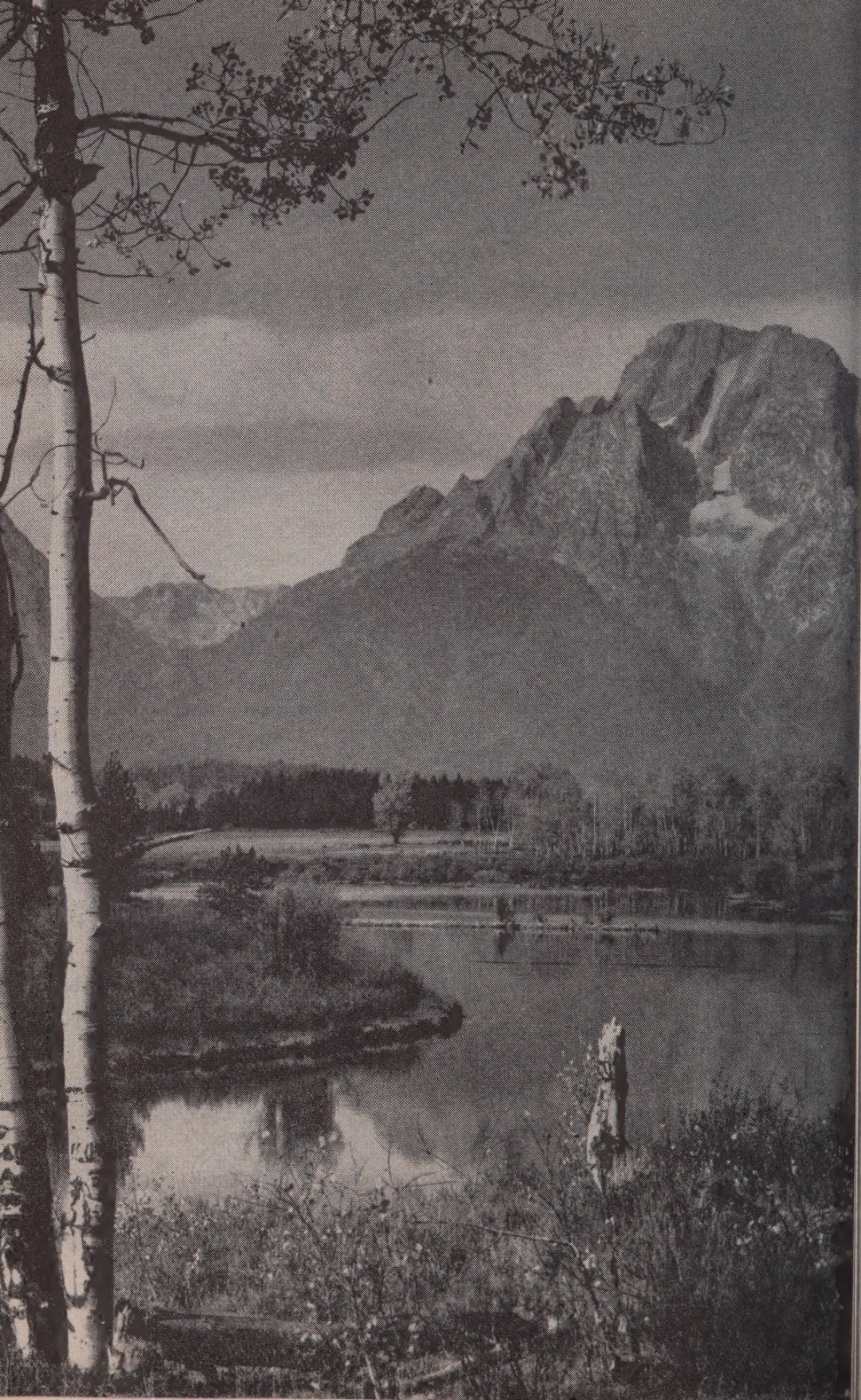

I Need a Tranquil Hour

Wanda G. Nielson

I need a while beside a mountain stream—
No moment—but a long and tranquil hour,
Time to see the cliff with crannied flower,
The spruce and aspen, and the sun's pure beam;
Till mountain, sky, and water make a balanced whole,
And the picture has etched itself into my soul.

I need to watch the eager, plunging fall;
The churn of foam and water deep below;
The dashing against rocks, the quiet pools; the flow,
Full-bodied, swift, along the gray cliff's wall;
Till leaping, pausing, gliding, is one dramatic whole,
And the rhythm has rolled itself into my soul.

I need to hear the thunder in the roar
Of falls, the laughter of ripples thinly flowing,
The bass-viol undertones of volume growing,
And the soft lap-lapping along the mossy shore;
Till the booming, babbling, gurgling, makes one symphonic whole,
And the music has sung itself into my soul.

I need a tranquil hour in which to see
A mountain stream, and find serenity.

The Cover: Stela "E" Quirigua (an Ancient Mayan City), Guatemala, Central America. Such monuments at Quirigua are supposed to be time markers. These monoliths are sculptured on two sides with human figures, and the other two sides are covered with columns of hieroglyphics recording time.
Photograph courtesy United Fruit Company — Compania Agricola de Guatemala
Submitted by Gladys K. Wagner

Frontispiece Photograph: The Grand Teton, Wyoming, Photograph by Hal Rumel
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

I was so impressed with the article "Words to Live By," in the February issue, by Josie B. Bay. I was feeling very depressed the day I read the article, and it made me understand a lot of things, and it enlightened my mind so very much. It seems that each article I read solves a problem for me, so truly I can say that receiving a copy of the *Magazine* is a blessing for me, and I am so thankful that I have the opportunity to receive such a *Magazine*. Also, thanks for the article "How We Conduct the Family Hour in Our Home" by Helen S. Gardner (March 1956). I have never held Family Hour in our home yet, but now that my baby is a year old, I want to begin, so that he will grow up to know what it is and also to get me in practice so that we will never forget to have it.

—Mrs. LaVoyce Evans
Hooks, Texas

I so much enjoy reading the letters, lovely poems, and stories in *The Relief Society Magazine*. Thanks always to my daughter-in-law Mrs. Alene Summers for sending me the subscription. Her kindness has been greatly appreciated.

—Mrs. L. C. Summers
Klamath Falls, Oregon

I am not a member of the Church, but have received so much comfort, encouragement, and enjoyment from *The Relief Society Magazine* that I want to be sure of receiving all copies. Please renew my subscription.

—Sarah A. Foster
Washington, Illinois

Just a few words of thanks for *The Relief Society Magazine*. I really enjoy reading it and learn so much from it. I neglect my work when I get my copy the first of each month till I have read it. I am eighty-three years young.

—Elizabeth Clendennen
San Angelo, Texas

The Relief Society Magazine has been a great stimulant for so many women in their interest to learn and work for this great plan of salvation. Through faithful diligence and growing strength, we are combined with two other groups, and by keeping in complete harmony with the Priesthood, we have been able to build a new chapel at Naturita, Colorado. We all hope the circulation of the *Magazine* will continue to grow and reach more homes, enabling more people to learn and enjoy its true purpose.

—Mrs. Delta N. Williams
Uravan, Colorado

We are pleased to know that the sisters in the mission are taking a greater interest in the *Magazine* and hope that there will be a still greater number who will subscribe during the coming year. It was worth the price of the *Magazine* to read the article "Children in the Scriptures" by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. in the December 1955 issue.

—Nora C. Duncan
President
South African Mission
Relief Society

I read *The Relief Society Magazine* thoroughly. It has enlarged and strengthened my testimony to a large degree. The study of this inspirational little *Magazine* has made me seek to study the gospel in many fields. May God bless you in your work.

—Elene Wiltbank Whetten
Colonia Juarez
Chih., Mexico

I thoroughly enjoy my *Relief Society Magazine* and am impatient each month for its arrival. I especially enjoy the poetry. Besides my art work, poetry is to me like beautiful music. The effect it has on my inner being is one of the necessities of my life.

—Adell R. Palmer
South Jordan, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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"A Thing of Beauty"

Restoration of the Heber C. Kimball Home in Nauvoo

Christine H. Robinson

Member, General Board of Relief Society

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams . . . .

THESE immortal words, penned by John Keats in 1817, might well have been written about the once beautiful and prosperous city of Nauvoo. Even though time and decay have had a ravishing effect upon the life of this historic community, still, "it will never pass into nothingness; but will keep a bower quiet for us, and a sleep full of sweet dreams."

The history and character of nations and individuals are revealed primarily in three ways. We learn about them through historical writings, through traditions and customs, and through the material things which they leave to their posterity.

Among these material things are the homes in which they lived. Throughout the ages the home and its furnishings provide a key to a people's way of life, and to the degree of civilization attained.

The home, probably more than anything else that an individual builds, sets forth in concrete form his basic ideals, character, and personality.

In the recorded history of our early pioneer leaders, we read that they were a fearless people, possessed with the faith and courage of the prophets of old. We read that they were a sensitive people of refinement and good taste who sought after cultural things and the happy life, believing in the principle that, "Man is that he might have joy."

In building their homes in Nauvoo, these stalwart pioneers revealed that they possessed these characteristics. Although most of their beautiful homes have long since been destroyed, yet, from the few that still remain, we can see bountiful evidence of their faith, courage, refinement, and good taste.

THE Heber C. Kimball home, one of the few pioneer residences which today still stand in Nauvoo, is a remarkable example of how the builder puts the stamp of his character and personality in the thing he builds. This beautiful home is a testimony and a monument to the courage, industry, and enterprise of this great Latter-day Saint leader.

The Heber C. Kimball home is probably one of the few homes ever built into which an individual poured loving care and skill while knowing that he would have the privilege of living in it for only a short time. It is recorded that when this great leader first entered Nauvoo—or Commerce as it was

then called—he made this prophetic remark: "It is a very pretty place but not a long abiding home of the saints."

Notwithstanding this conviction, Heber C. Kimball immediately applied his great skill and power to help build the small village of Commerce into the beautiful city of Nauvoo it was soon to become.

After finding shelter for his family, he purchased five acres of dense woodland and in one day cut sufficient logs to build his family a small, temporary home. He moved his family into this home in late August 1839. Almost immediately thereafter, on the 18th of September, accompanied by his good friend Brigham Young, he left for his second mission to England. After almost two years in the mission field he returned home to Nauvoo.

In a letter to the editor of the *Millennial Star*, Brother Kimball wrote:

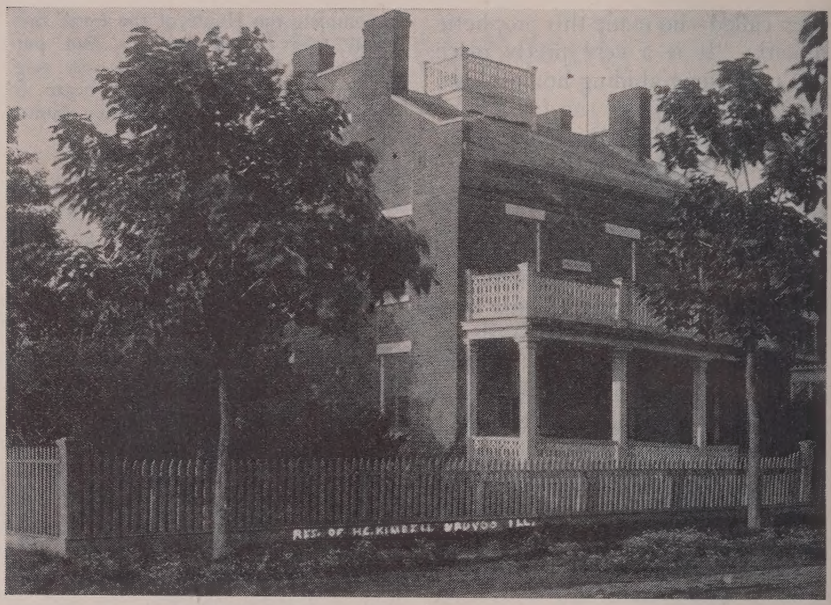
> We landed in Nauvoo on the 1st of July . . . . When we got in sight of Nauvoo we were surprised to see what improvements had been made since we left home. There were not more than thirty buildings in the city when we left about two years ago, but at this time there are twelve hundred, and hundreds of others are in progress which will be finished soon. You will recollect that when we built our houses in the woods there was not a house within a mile of us. Now the place, wild as it was at that time, is converted into a thickly populated village . . . . The whole country for many miles is cultivated with corn, wheat, potatoes, and all kinds of produce; it looks as though the blessings of God rested upon the crops of this region, and it is noticed by the inhabitants that come from other parts of the country, or counties around this place.
>
> The blessings of God rest on this people . . . . There is every effort made to complete the House of the Lord; they devote every tenth day for that purpose . . . . It is going to be very magnificent . . . . Our enemies began to threaten us, for you know they cannot bear to see us prosper.

IT was at this time, soon after his return from his second British mission, that Heber C. Kimball started the construction of his impressive home which, in that day, surely would have been judged magnificent. In due course the home was completed and now bears a stone tablet upon which is inscribed, "H. C. K. — 1845."

The home is situated on a gentle slope about one-half mile from the Mississippi River and approximately the same distance from the temple site. It is built on a corner plot and, as was typical of the residences in that day, is bordered on two sides with a white picket fence.

Among the few remaining residences still standing in Nauvoo, there is no such thing as a typical Nauvoo house. Each structure has its own individuality and personality. Yet, each of the important homes expresses the existing architectural style of the day — namely Modified Georgian, or Federal, as it is often called.

The Heber C. Kimball home, although it has its own unique style, is a fine example of Modified Georgian architecture. It, like many of the homes in Nauvoo, is constructed of mellow, tawny red bricks which were made locally in Nauvoo's oven kilns. In planning its architecture, Brother Kimball must have been inspired by the beautiful homes he had recently seen in England. The woodwork details inside of the house, over the



Courtesy Dr. J. LeRoy Kimball

AN EARLY PICTURE OF THE HEBER C. KIMBALL HOME

doors and windows, are similar to those used in England during the Regency period — a period which coincided with the Modified Georgian and Federal period in America.

On the other hand, the mantle over the fireplace and the irregularly sized floor boards in the Kimball home, are typical Early American in style.

Unlike many of the other Nauvoo houses still standing which were rectangular in design, the Kimball home, as shown in the illustration, was built in two parts. The larger or main part of the house is constructed with one great end wall, handsomely windowed and double chimneyed. Stretching across the entire front of this main part is a beautifully proportioned white framed porch with an upstairs balcony. This architectural treatment, apparently not used on any other houses in Nauvoo, was then popular in the South, particularly in New Orleans, which Heber C. Kimball had visited.

The left wing, or smaller section of the house is slightly recessed with a small white frame portico over the door.

Dentil molding, so popular in Georgian architecture, is used as a brick cornice on the house. These dentils are also used as decorative molding on the frame portico. All the windows in the house are framed with louvered green shutters. Early pictures of the house might give the impression that the windows are shutterless. Careful inspection, of these pictures, however, reveals that the shutters were closed and locked for protection — thus preserving much of the old

original glass in the windows. The entire architectural structure of the home is one of asymmetrical beauty and simplicity of line.

The main entrance of the house is through an arched doorway opening into a narrow hall which divides the two main structural sections. This main hall stretches the entire depth of the house to a handsome back door, topped with a small-paned glass transom. On the right, near the front of this hall, is a narrow, steep stairway leading to the floor above. There are six rooms downstairs, including a small room and pantry.

The second floor has a corresponding number of rooms with two additional attic rooms in the main section of the house. Additional details of the interior of the house are described later in this article.

Heber C. Kimball — The Man

Heber C. Kimball was born on June 14, 1801, at Sheldon, Vermont, just ten miles from the shores of beautiful Lake Champlain. He was the fourth child in a family of seven.

When he was ten years of age the family moved to West Bloomfield, New York, where his father engaged in farming, blacksmithing, and building. In this latter occupation, Heber's father built an academy, two commercial buildings, and several private houses. It is apparent that while his father was engaged in this occupation young Heber learned, early in life, much about the building trade.

As a young man of nineteen, Heber moved in with his older brother Charles, who owned and operated a pottery business in Mendon, New York. Heber soon became skilled

Distributed by Kron Pharmacy, Nauvoo, Illinois

THE HEBER C. KIMBALL HOME IN LATER YEARS

Decay has set in, many shutters are missing, as well as most of the front fence; the roof is sagging, and the porch over the east entrance has been changed.

at molding pottery and, at twenty-one, purchased his brother's business, in which he greatly prospered for the next ten years.

It was when Heber was twenty-one years of age that he first met Vilate Murray. She was a refined, intelligent girl of seventeen, who lived in the neighboring town of Victor, New York.

One day, while riding on horseback through this small village, Heber became thirsty. Stopping by a house where a gentleman was at work in the garden, he asked for a drink of water. The gentleman called to his youngest daughter Vilate, and asked her to bring a glass of water to the young man. Heber was impressed with the pretty, modest, and courteous young woman and lingered over his glass of water. In fact, he was so impressed that a few days later he stopped by for another drink. This time the father started to draw the water from the well, at which young Heber blushingly admitted that he had hoped to be served by Vilate. When Vilate brought the water, she did so amid the teasing, smiles, and taunts of her brothers and sisters. More visits followed and the two were married November 7, 1822.

Vilate, like many other strong-charactered women who accepted Mormonism, was a loyal and loving helpmate to her husband, supporting and aiding him in all his worthy endeavors. She was also a generous and public-spirited woman who joined with other sisters of the Church in knitting and spinning material to clothe the men who worked on the Kirtland Temple and, later, on the temple in Nauvoo. In each community in which she lived, Vilate sought out the poor and timid, and brought them sustenance for their bodies and comfort to their souls. She was ever "disposed to do good and meet every obligation that devolved upon her."

Certainly with her artistic and refined temperament, Vilate must have exercised a remarkable influence upon the life of her husband and, undoubtedly, employed her talents and tastes in helping to plan and furnish the Kimball homes.

While living in Mendon, Heber became acquainted with a young carpenter and cabinet maker by the name of Brigham Young. He found in this new acquaintance, who was also a native of Vermont, a man of kindred interests, background, and ideals. These two soon became fast friends. Thus started a cherished friendship and close association which lasted for the next forty-three years.

Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball learned about the gospel at approximately the same time. With deep sincerity, they accepted its principles and were baptized and confirmed members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in April 1832 — just one day apart.

When Brigham Young's first wife passed away, the Kimballs took his two small daughters into their home and cared for them. The two families moved to Kirtland, Ohio, at the same time, where Brigham Young, "being a carpenter, joiner, as well as a painter and glazier," built the Kimball home in this new community.

One of the significant characteristics of Brother Kimball, as revealed in his journals, is that he was a home builder. As he moved from one community to another, one of his first acts was to purchase land, build a home, and "situate himself to live comfortably." This he did in Mendon, Kirtland, Nauvoo, and Salt Lake City.

Brother Kimball loved his home and his family. He possessed an artistic temperament, was sociable, sensitive, and refined in his tastes. He was an earnest and humble man blessed with that rare combination of great dignity and a rich sense of humor. He was a man of courage and an indefatigable worker. He possessed a sublime faith in his Creator and in the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the certain destiny of the restored Church.

The Nauvoo home of Heber C. Kimball reflects all of these characteristics. Built at a time when the saints were already being harassed by the mobs, this stately home not only exemplifies refinement and good taste, but also, courage, faith, and determination in the face of great adversity. Through it we see the character of this man and his spiritual and temporal stability.

Nauvoo — The City

Nauvoo was no ordinary city. This city was not like those on the eastern seaboard of the United States, where buildings of different types, styles, and ages had all grown up in a heterogeneous fashion. Neither did Nauvoo resemble any of the frontier communities of the day, with their small humble buildings all huddled protectively together.

Nauvoo was a planned city. It was a city which grew in seven short years from a half-dozen nondescript structures, to a magnificent community almost twice the size of the then sprawling city of Chicago.

In 1842, *The Times and Seasons* described the city as follows:

> For three or four miles up the river and about the same distance back in the country, Nauvoo presents a city of gardens, ornamented with dwellings of those who have made a covenant by sacrifice, and are guided by revelation . . . . It will be no more than probably correct, if we allow the city to contain between 700 and 800 houses, with a population of 14 or 15,000 people. Many of the houses recently built are of brick . . . displaying that skill, economy and industry which have always characterized intelligent minds and laudable intentions . . . .
>
> We can, therefore, of a truth declare, that within the same length of time, and with the same amount of means, no society on the face of the globe has a better right to the claim of improvement by their own industry, or have offered to their surrounding neighbors a plainer pattern of mechanical skill, domestic economy, practical temperance, every-day virtue, and eternal religion, than the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
>
> Two steam mills have been put in operation this season, and many other buildings for mechanical labor . . . . while the Temple of God and the Nauvoo House, which when finished, will hardly be surpassed in the western world, are rising up as monuments of the enterprise, industry and reverence of the commandments of God.

Contrast this picture of thriving Nauvoo with the unhealthful section of swamp land, mostly covered with trees and brush, which was the

THE HEBER C. KIMBALL HOME AS IT STANDS TODAY
(With much of the restoration work completed. The plaque on the tree designates the Heber C. Kimball home.)

old village of Commerce. This was the place Joseph Smith selected where the saints could build a city away from the wrath and persecutions of those who would thwart the establishment of his divinely inspired latter-day work. It was here the saints had purchased a large tract of land and had decided to call the new city, which would be built there, Nauvoo, a word of Hebrew origin which means, "a beautiful place."

When the first few saints moved into the area they were poor in worldly goods, but rich in faith and courage. These attributes, coupled with thrift, industry, and the rich blessings of the Lord, soon brought them prosperity.

Converts, not only from the eastern parts of the United States, but also from Canada and Great Britain, flocked into the rapidly growing city. Many of these new converts were skilled artisans who brought to the community the cultural ideas and the practical know-how so essential to a developing pioneer community.

The abilities and characteristics of these devoted immigrants an-

swer the oft-repeated questions of how in Nauvoo so much could have been done so well in so little time.

By 1843 there were in Nauvoo many skilled and capable craftsmen. There were carpenters and cabinet makers, masons and brick layers, tinsmiths and iron workers, silk and cotton weavers, as well as many other artisans, professional people, and common laborers. It was this combination of training and skills, coupled with industry and the ardent faith of new-found religious convictions, that built Nauvoo and made it almost overnight into one of the most remarkable cities of all time.

All the results of this industry, all this prosperity, all this accomplishment, however, were not long to endure. Heber C. Kimball's prophetic prediction that Nauvoo would be "not a long abiding home of the Saints," was soon to be fulfilled.

The Prophet Joseph Smith's murder at the hands of the mob in Carthage, in June 1844, was soon followed by violent threats against the people of the city of Nauvoo. Late in 1845 the mobs demanded that Nauvoo be vacated by the following spring. The people's courage and skill now must be turned in a different direction. Their faith and determination led them to follow their Prophet's instruction to complete their beautiful temple, while, at the same time, they worked feverishly to build and accumulate the necessary wagons and equipment for their western exodus.

Those were heartbreaking days. The only material things they could carry with them were what could be packed into the few wagons at their disposal. As an indication of the kind of home furnishings they were forced to leave behind, a reporter, writing in the *Carthage Republican*, said:

> Scattered about were numerous adjuncts of refined and comfortable living, elegant furniture, paintings, here and there a piano or a harp, finely upholstered sofas and chairs, and many tasteful and convenient things which well-to-do persons would surround themselves with in well-ordered homes (*Nauvoo the Beautiful*, by E. Cecil McGavin, page 232).

Many of the attractive homes they sold to their enemies for small sums of money. Others were merely locked up and left to be sold later for taxes by the State of Illinois.

No records have been discovered to indicate what happened to the Heber C. Kimball home during the years between 1846 and 1854. Deeds, however, have been found which reveal that during the nearly one hundred years since 1854, the house changed hands many times.

Each new owner made certain changes in the house in accordance with his own ideas and way of life. At one time, because of neglect and deterioration, the house was about to be torn down but, because of its pleasing lines and because of its "certain something," it was preserved.

In 1954 this historical residence, rich in tradition, found its way back into the family which built and hallowed it with love and sacrifice. On the sixth day of March at 10:55 A.M., Dr. J. LeRoy Kimball, a great-grandson of Heber C. and Vilate Kimball, purchased the home from Mrs. Katherine E. Jones, who had

A ROOM IN THE KIMBALL HOME
(Before the restoration. Note the broken plaster and exposed brick.)

owned the property for twenty years.

Dr. Kimball had one objective when he made this purchase. He had a burning desire to preserve the home and to restore it as nearly as possible to its original charm and beauty.

The Restoration

The responsibility of restoring an old home is a fascinating and exhilarating challenge. It also involves hard work, requiring countless hours of concentrated study and research.

There is only one way that a work of restoration should be done — that is to do it right. There are no magic short cuts.

To restore a home does not mean merely to repair it and make it livable. More is involved than just putting on a new roof, replastering broken walls, and adding a new coat of paint. Much more is required than simply refurnishing the house with any "old" furniture or new modern pieces that may happen to be readily available.

The restoration of a home means to return it, as nearly as possible, to its original form and condition. It means also to redecorate and refurnish it as closely as possible to the way it was decorated and furnished by its original builders and inhabitants.

To accomplish this, one must first learn what the house was like when it was built. Due to subsequent alterations and changes, this is not always easy. The personality and living habits of the original owners must be determined as accurately as possible. The living habits of the community also must be studied and a knowledge obtained of the architecture and furnishings characteristic of the decorating period during which the house was constructed and furnished.

Gathering this information is involved and laborious. It requires the examination of old deeds, documents, letters, and journals. It necessitates the study of old pictures and photographs, and the reading of histories of the individual and the times in which he lived. Finally, it requires a thorough understanding of architectural and decorating periods.

Armed with this knowledge and information, one is then ready to start work on the actual restoration —most often a long and painstaking task.

In restoring the Heber C. Kimball home we have dedicated ourselves to rediscover and retain all of its early charm and appeal. We want to make the home as authentic as possible but, at the same time,

Hal Rumel

ANTIQUE FURNISHINGS TO BE PLACED IN THE KIMBALL HOME

These furnishings are to be placed in the Kimball home, although not in the grouping illustrated above. The picture on the wall at the right is of Heber C. Kimball. The chairs are Windsor, popular in America about 1740-1850. These particular chairs are English. The Victorian lamp stood for many years in an old Nauvoo home. The footstool was used by Heber C. Kimball in his Salt Lake City home.

not a home designed merely for display or as a museum piece, but rather as one which was once lived in and loved.

In restoring the outside of the house it was necessary to find a supply of old bricks which could be used to replace those which had fallen out of the walls or which were in bad condition. Much of the brick dentil molding, too, was missing, and this had to be replaced with brick of the same size, color, and vintage. To accomplish this, old brick was obtained from another old house in Nauvoo which was being torn down.

The front porch needed repair and had to be restored to its original design as depicted in early photographs. The portico over the east entrance was completely missing, as were the back porch and the front picket fence. All of these have been rebuilt as nearly like the originals as possible.

The entire west end of the building sagged badly and needed to be shored up with heavy beams anchored to the inside of the basement foundation. The roof was completely replaced. Shutters, missing from several windows, were replaced and matched exactly with those which had been preserved. Most of the windowpanes, due to the protective shutters, were still in good condition. Broken panes, however, were replaced with old glass garnered from other old buildings in Nauvoo.

INTERIOR restoration presented some interesting problems. No photographs or accurate descriptions of the interior were available. Consequently, we were forced to rely on what was left of the original woodwork and upon a study of the interior designs of the day. For example, many of the old homes of that period were equipped with inside as well as outside shutters. After stripping off some of the old paint, and after careful examination of the window frames, we concluded that the Kimball home certainly must have had inside shutters. We also reasoned that these shutters probably would not have been destroyed. Consequently, we conducted a thorough search of the entire premises and were rewarded with the discovery of the missing shutters hidden in a recess under the attic eaves. The discovery of a buried treasure could not have been more exciting. These shutters fit perfectly the four windows of the two front rooms and, much to our surprise, they were made of glass, rather than wood, which was more common at the time. These old glass shutters were still in a perfect state of preservation, with the exception of one broken pane.

The attic search also yielded two original paneled doors which had been removed and discarded.

The unique old cupboard on the side of the fireplace had been modernized. This now has been restored to its original state.

Floors in most of the rooms were in bad condition. These have been repaired, using old, irregular size floor boards taken from an old barn.

In the process of redecorating, a century of old paint, as well as many accumulated layers of wallpaper have had to be removed. These are being replaced with paint and wall-

paper of a color and design characteristic of the decorating of the period.

The problem of finding the right furniture and furnishings for the Kimball home is complicated and challenging. Many pieces of furniture actually used in the Kimball home in Salt Lake City are available. Some of these will be placed in the Nauvoo home, primarily to illustrate his and his family's taste and also for sentimental reasons. However, the real furniture problem consists in finding old pieces which likely would have been in the Nauvoo home in 1845. This has led us to a nation-wide search which has discovered such items in Nauvoo, St. Louis, New Orleans, New York, California, and Salt Lake City. As a matter of fact, one or two special items connected with Brother Kimball's missionary activities have been brought from England.

Although the restoration of the Heber C. Kimball Nauvoo home is not completed and will yet take considerable time, the project has been and is a most fascinating and rewarding experience.

The work of the restoration has led us into a richer understanding of the lives and ideals of our stalwart pioneers. It has reacquainted us with the faith, courage, and sacrifices so embedded into the creative period of our Church and has persuaded us that these virtues and this heritage have not been lost. They become the stepping stones to a greater effort and adventure and have become the foundation upon which our current great blessings in these mountain valleys have been built.

Our study of the Heber C. Kimball home of Nauvoo reimpresses us with the fact that "a thing of beauty *is* a joy forever," and as Keats continues:

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour . . . .
That whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

The Rod

Dorothy J. Roberts

Who can guess how kind the rod
Wielded in the hand of God;
Who can measure, yet, the grace
He writes upon each questing face?

Who can know? All those who trust
And rise up, stricken, from the dust;
Who give their lives in darkest hour
Back into his tender power.

Courtesy Nacional de Turismo, Ciudad de Guatemala
Submitted by Gladys K. Wagner

LAKE ATITLAN AND VOLCANO "SANTIAGO," GUATEMALA

The Central American Mission

Preston R. Nibley

IN the summer of 1942, John Forres O'Donnal, a member of the Church, who was employed by the United States Government, was sent to Honduras, and later to Guatemala, to assist in establishing experimental rubber plantations in those countries. Four years later, in September 1946, President Arwell Pierce of the Mexican Mission, accompanied by his wife, made a tour of Central America, for the purpose of investigating the possibilities of missionary work in that region. He made a report of his trip to the First Presidency, and in the summer of 1947, Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama were added to the Mexican Mission.

In August 1947, President Pierce, accompanied by four missionaries, journeyed to Guatemala. These elders were Seth G. Mattice, Earl E. Hansen, Robert B. Miller, and David D. Lingard. On the morning of

September 7th, the four elders, with President Pierce and Elder O'Donnal, climbed to the summit of a hill overlooking Guatemala City, and President Pierce dedicated the city and its environs to the preaching of the gospel and the establishment of the Church organizations. Missionary work was begun immediately and has continued to the present time. The first baptism was performed when Brother O'Donnal baptized his wife and small daughter on November 13, 1948.

A separate mission, the Central American, was formed in October 1952 and Gordon M. Romney was installed as president. The new mission comprised the countries of Guatemala, Honduras, British Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Republic of Panama, and the Panama Canal Zone.

President Romney presided until October 1955, when he was succeeded by Edgar L. Wagner, who presides at the present time. On January 1, 1956, there were 854 members of the Church in the Central American Mission, located in twenty-three branches. Fourteen Relief Society branches were reported, with 185 members. Gladys K. Wagner presides over the Central American Mission Relief Society.

Courtesy Pablo Sittler, Foto Europa, Guatemala
Submitted by Gladys K. Wagner

TEMPLOS MAYA DE ZACULEHU (MAYAN TEMPLES OF ZACULEHU)
GUATEMALA
(Reconstructed)

Our Homes and the Flag

Blanche B. Stoddard

Member, General Board of Relief Society

OF all the people in the United States, Latter-day Saints should love and revere the flag. In no other nation in the world could the gospel have been restored. We say our Constitution was God-given—good men were raised up to form it. The Prophet said it is a glorious standard founded in the wisdom of God. He called it a heavenly banner. "It is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a thirsty and weary land" (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 147). The Constitution of the United States is the supreme human law of conduct and of government for its citizens from birth till death.

Relief Society mothers know the value and beauty of the Constitution. The Flag is its symbol; therefore, it should mean more to them than ever before, after having studied our social science lessons of the past three years. Teaching proper reverence and respect for the Flag to our children will be a real application of those lessons into our lives and homes.

Do we own Flags in our homes to display on appropriate occasions? What are some of these occasions? They include New Year's Day, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, Mother's Day, Memorial Day, Flag Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Veterans Day, Thanksgiving Day, and other local or national public or historical occasions of a military, civil, or religious nature. It seems to me that years ago we saw the Flag displayed often, and now it is displayed seldom, and then receives only casual attention. We are accused, as Americans, of knowing very little about our Flag, and of being very careless in observance of the laws of respect due it. During street parades, thousands fail to stand at attention and salute their Flag as it passes by. When the Flag flashes on our television or movie screens, few pay attention. When the Flag is passing, those walking should halt; or, if sitting, they should stand, men with hats placed over their hearts, women with right hands over their hearts, until the Flag has passed. This salute should be rendered for every American Flag that passes.

The "Stars and Stripes," or "Old Glory" as we know it today, was first adopted June 14, 1777, by order of the Continental Congress. Legend has it that Betsy Ross was a patriotic Philadelphian seamstress and a friend of George Washington. He, with others appointed to a committee by Congress, visited her in June 1776, requesting her to make a Flag. George Washington sketched a rough design, and with bits of red and white and blue cloth which she had in her little shop, she followed

his directions. The Flag she so diligently cut and stitched was accepted by Congress.

To Americans, there is no other Flag as beautiful as the "Stars and Stripes." My husband spent four years on a mission to South Africa during World War I. He had experienced many homesick hours for his native land. On the way home, while anchored in the harbor of Port Said, halfway around the world, he saw for the first time in those four years, the "Stars and Stripes" flying over one of our warships. He said that never before nor since, has he experienced such a thrill of pride and joy. The same "Stars and Stripes," flying over Fort McHenry in September 1814, inspired Francis Scott Key to write the immortal words of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which, by an Act of Congress, was designated as our National Anthem in 1931. The Flag is a fitting symbol of all that Washington meant it to represent—the Flag of a free people who have never been defeated in war—a Flag under which men from every clime can be shielded against oppression and be given the opportunity to succeed in any honest endeavor.

THE real name of our Flag is "The Flag of the United States of America." Under this Flag, government by the people first grew. Many brave men struggled for liberty and laid the groundwork that made such a Flag possible. This is the Scouters' definition of the Flag: "Blue represents justice, like the eternal blue of the star-filled heaven; White is for purity, cleanness of purpose of word or deed; and Red is the red life-blood of brave men and women, ready to live or die worthily for their country."

Flag Day, as it is now observed on June 14, was instituted by B. J. Cigrand, a schoolteacher of Fredonia, Wisconsin. He, with his pupils, on June 14, 1885, held the first recorded celebration of the Flag's birthday. But more important than the past history of our Flag or how it was born, is the way we show our respect for it today. Does it mean as much to us now as it did to Americans in 1777? Is it a part of our homes and our lives?

Let us think seriously, proudly, and reverently of what our Flag does mean to us. "Old Glory" is not a piece of material but a symbol —not a symbol of a royal family, a dictator, nor of a special class or race. It is a symbol of freedom and opportunity to every man, woman, and child in America, and to oppressed people all over the world. These lines are part of the enduring bronze inscription on the base of the Statue of Liberty:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest tossed, to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.
—Emma Lazarus

Repeat often the "Pledge" to our Flag:

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

ISN'T this "Pledge," written originally by Francis Bellamy, October 21, 1892, and since modified a

little, a good pledge for every American? The national Flag represents the living country and is itself considered as a living thing. Therefore, a Flag Code has been established. Your Boy Scout sons know it and are taught to observe it; but if they see no respect in the home nor among their elders for this emblem, their Scout training regarding it will not avail them much.

Mothers of America, what can we do to engender reverence for this Flag? I am sure there are many things. First of all, own one in your family, teach its history and its symbolism, and display it at every appropriate opportunity. Discuss it often in the Family Hour. Enumerate the blessings of living under it—blessings of the right to worship in one's own way; the right to free speech and press; the right to vote; the right to protection; the right of trial by jury; the right of habeas corpus; the right to "privacy in our homes"; the right to own private property; the right to go into business and competition to make an honest living . . . so many privileges denied to a majority of the peoples of the world. In the family group, study the Flag Code and the "don'ts" in handling and displaying the Flag. Children should not play with it, nor should they decorate their bicycles and cars with it; instead, they should use red, white, and blue bunting. Old, worn-out Flags should be destroyed and not desecrated. There is much to teach regarding it. Your Boy Scout son would be thrilled and proud to teach his family regarding the Flag, and thus it would become more sacred to him.

Let Latter-day Saint mothers in other nations likewise teach their children to honor the respective flags of their countries, and let every mother in the United States fly "Our Flag" on this Flag Day, June 14, 1956.

Appreciation for the Singing Mothers Expressed by President David O. McKay

(At the closing session of the 126th General Conference of the Church)

WE have said "thank you" to the members of the Choirs, but let me mention them again . . . . We appreciate what they did . . . . our Singing Mothers. I cannot mention the name "mother" without being overcome with emotion. Those mothers who furnished that singing were the mothers of 1600 children! Even their title, "Singing Mothers," tells a story of sacrifice, a story of love, a story of home. No wonder they could sing the songs of Zion so inspirationally under the masterful leadership of Sister Florence Jepperson Madsen.

Heart's Bounty

Chapter 1

Deone R. Sutherland

ANNIE stood by the wagon and horses saying a last goodbye to her mother and brothers and their little mountain cabin. Her father strapped her box in the back of the wagon.

"You hold up your head, Annie Griffith," her mother said. "You don't have to go, if you don't want to. But a mountain's no place for a girl to get higher education, and Brother and Sister Williams' offer to have you taught right along with their daughter Marie, until your father's mission is over, cutting stone for the temple, is a wonderful opportunity, and an answer to our prayers."

"I know." Annie lifted her eyes to the mountains where the brush was turning orange and brown through all the heavy green.

"The Griffiths owned property in the old country, and don't you forget it, Annie. And we own property here, too. In another three or four years, when the temple's finished, we'll be back on our own farm, and you'll be home again, a young lady." Her eyes turned to her husband, who tightened a rope and felt the tautness of it. "You be careful, Mister Griffith."

"There's no need to be saying that," smiled Annie's father, as he took his wife in his arms, and then kissed each of the wriggling boys.

"Here now," he said sternly, "you kiss your sister Annie. She'll be all grown, with her hair up and everything, likely, before you have her home to live again."

They grudgingly let Annie peck their cheeks.

"Fourteen now, she is," said her mother, sighing. She smoothed Annie's hair with her long fingers, and then turned her to the wagon. Annie climbed up on the seat.

"You're a pretty girl, Annie," her father said, climbing in beside her. "But don't you go giving yourself airs, ever."

"I won't, Papa." She kissed his cheek and threw kisses to her mother and the boys while a bird sang wildly overhead. Her father started the team and the grind of the wheels shut out most other sounds on the long, hard trip to Salt Lake.

The first night they slept in the back of the wagon. Annie watched the stars through the trees, while trying to feel out the homesickness she knew was couched somewhere, like not quite daring to touch a sore tooth with your tongue. Her father reached over and put his hand across her eyes. She soon went to sleep.

The next night they stopped at a friend's house in a tiny, mud-spattered village. She and her father made their beds on the floor. She was too exhausted more than to glance at the log and sod ceiling before she fell asleep.

On the fourth day they drove in-

to the city of Salt Lake. Annie stared at the big houses and the stores. There were so many of them! Her father had to ask directions twice about the Williams' house.

"Is it there, Papa?" Annie stared at the big stone house with the iron fence running around the yard. "It has some kind of little tower, even, Father."

"Some kind of foolishness, at any rate. The Williams are wonderful people for all that."

He climbed heavily down from the wagon. Annie stepped out on the carriage block and saw a lace curtain move at one of the windows. She turned and stared at the wagon.

"I'll take you in before I start loosening your box."

ANNIE followed her father through the iron gate up the path to the house. He swung the knocker once and the door opened almost immediately.

"Is it the Griffiths?" A tall, brown-haired woman smiled at them. "I'm Mrs. Williams' sister. She'll be down immediately. I've already told her you've come, Brother Griffith. Annie dear, this is my niece Marie. You're going to share Marie's room as well as her studies. You'll be great playmates, I'm sure. Oh, yes, I'm Aunt Agnes Foster."

"Thank you, Sister Foster." Mr. Griffith followed her into the parlor and sat on the only wooden chair in the room. "I'm too dusty to be sitting on satin and embroidery like that," he said.

Annie hung back by the door.

Marie whirled around on a piano stool and tapped a key, while her yellow curls swung forward over her shoulder.

"Marie, dear," her aunt reproved her.

"Ah, a piano." Annie's father's eyes lit up. "Now, we're a people who love music. Annie sings like a nightingale. You'll love a rarity like that, Annie."

Marie and Sister Foster looked at Annie. Annie felt the blood rush to her face.

Sister Williams came in the door. "Have they been teasing you already, Annie dear?" She put an arm around Annie's shoulder. "I'm not very well." She shook hands with Annie's father. "I spend more time than I should having to rest."

"I hope Annie'll be something of a help and not too much of a bother."

"Oh, yes, yes, we'll love having a sister for Marie. Marie's always lonely. Well, you can all clean up and rest before dinner. Brother Williams will be so interested in a full report—in hearing about everything. You planned to start back . . . ?"

"In the morning." Mr. Griffith started to the door. "I'll bring in Annie's box; then there's lots I've to do this day. I've a long list of supplies to buy. I can rest enough later tonight."

"Well, anyway, Marie can take Annie up and help her unpack and show her everything." Sister Williams waved the girls to the stairway.

"Haven't you ever seen a mirror before?" asked Marie. She put her head down beside Annie's, and they stared at their reflections.

"Not one so big." Annie plaited

her hair slowly while Marie watched.

"I like curls better, though I daresay your hair is very becoming." Marie smiled at her quickly. "You do have the loveliest eyes. Whoever heard of blue eyes with hair that black?"

"I have my mother's eyes," said Annie proudly. "I think your curls are just beautiful. My hair would never go like that."

"Well, you could loosen it at the sides like this, so it could curl just a little. Isn't that better?" Marie leaned back and looked critically at Annie.

"We'd better hurry," Annie said. "We won't be any help at all, if we don't."

"Don't worry," laughed Marie. "You're still too new. They won't make us do too much yet awhile." But the girls hurried downstairs through the dining room, the kitchen, and the pantry. They were soon put to work.

BY the time Annie finished eating dinner she could hardly keep her eyes open, though she tried to keep them fastened on her father as long as possible. It couldn't be true that this was the last meal with him for a good many months, perhaps a year. Already the mere thought of her mother and brothers tightened her throat and brought tears stinging to her eyes. She was more exhausted than she realized from the long wagon trip.

Sister Williams stood up after a short visit in the parlor. "I really think we should get the girls to bed early tonight. Annie's had such a long trip, she can hardly stay awake."

Annie kissed her father goodnight after they had family prayers. He patted her shoulder with his rough hand and assured her he'd wake her in the morning before he started out. She was to wait to say goodbye then, and she was not to think of a thing tonight but sleep.

Marie went grumbling up the stairs with Annie, protesting that she wasn't a bit sleepy. Annie washed and changed into her nightgown by candlelight. The feather tick enveloped her at once, and she was asleep in the warm softness before she'd even had a chance to remark on how lovely the moonlight was through their tall, narrow bedroom window.

Annie awoke with a terrible feeling of not knowing for a moment where she was. Then her father's face came close to her ear. "Wake up, Annie, and dress. I must be off, and you may come downstairs and say goodbye. The wagon's loaded, honey. Are you awake?"

There was no need for the question, for Annie's eyes were like two saucers. She slid out of bed, and was into her dress in no time at all. Buttoning her shoes took forever, it seemed to Annie, because her hands had begun to tremble a little, and her fingers seemed all thumbs. Now that she was up and awake, she could hear voices downstairs. She pulled back the lace curtain at the window. Yes, her father's wagon was loaded and ready. They were hitching the team up now. Brother Williams tightened the ropes holding the supplies on the wagon. She didn't know the other young man helping her father. Her father was tall, but that boy seemed almost taller.

Annie had no time to comb her hair and rebraid it. She wet her fingers and pushed at the sides. She was ashamed to do that; certainly her mother would hardly be proud of that. But she had no more time, she thought desperately. They should have awakened her earlier. She could have helped load the wagon, and she would have had more time to be with her father. She ran down the stairs and tugged at the front door. Sister Williams called to her, and she had to go back for a shawl Sister Williams was holding. He'd be gone before she even got outside, she thought in anguish.

"It's an unkindness to keep you, Annie, but I don't want you to catch your death before you've been with us a day."

Sister Williams smiled at her while Annie made her pounding heart subside. Then Sister Williams pointed to the door, and Annie flew out to her father. The horses were standing hitched to the wagon, ready to go.

"Have you had breakfast, Father?" Annie cried.

HER father turned and picked her up in his arms. "You can be sure I have," he said kindly. "Now, no tears and no fretting. This is a kind of mission you're going on, little girl. Here's an opportunity for you to learn a great many things, to be a help to the Williams family. The Griffiths will be most proud to have a school mistress in the family. Your mother's taught you all she can, and we know what a smart child you are already, and that you'll take to your books with no trouble. Keep the things we've taught you fast in your head and heart, and live by your head and heart. Say your prayers and you'll have nothing but sunshine in your days. There's no kinder people than the Williams', my big girl."

Annie blinked back the tears and promised her father to do her best.

Her father went back and shook Brother and Sister Williams' hands. "Annie, Annie, I've forgotten all my manners. This young man who has helped me so well with the wagon is Brother Parker Josephson, who lives just next door. See, you're getting acquainted with new friends already."

The man greeted her, but Annie had no eyes for anyone except her father. Though her chin trembled, Annie held fast to her smile until her father had gee-upped the horses. The wagon rumbled down the street. Annie watched it until it turned off from sight.

"Oh, Papa," she cried and moved away from Sister Williams' arms as if to run after the vanished wagon.

Parker Josephson caught her. He wiped away the tears, talking in soothing tones about how soon her father would have to come in for supplies again. Annie stiffened in embarrassment. Parker let her go, leading her back to the Williams' front door.

"We're going to be the best of friends because Marie and I are good friends. I've dried more tears for Marie than you just shed many times. She cries at the drop of a hat, or, at least, every time she falls down or skins her nose or . . . ."

Annie smiled a little. She

couldn't imagine dainty, perfect Marie skinning her nose.

Parker smoothed her hair. "I won't tell a soul you forgot to comb your hair, if you march right upstairs and wash your face and comb and brush all that beautiful black hair properly."

"I will," Annie promised.

Sister Williams held the door open.

Marie ran out onto the porch, her hair a golden tangle. "Don't go, Parker, stay and play with us."

"At this time in the morning?" Parker laughed. "Got to be off to work." He waved goodbye again to the girls.

Annie and Marie went upstairs together. "I'm sorry I didn't wake up in time to say goodbye to your father, Annie. You should have poked me."

"That's all right," Annie said. "I didn't wake up too early myself."

"Isn't Parker the nicest person you've ever met?" Marie bounced on her bed.

"Yes, except for our families, of course." Annie began to brush her hair.

"Well, I meant except for them." Marie fluffed her hair. "I'm going to marry Parker when I grow up. He says I can. I don't care how many years older he is . . . ."

Sister Williams paused at their door. "Marie, is that a good example to set for Annie? Do your hair and start the beds, dear, and hurry downstairs. Your breakfast is late now."

"When do we have lessons?" Annie whispered to Marie on the way down.

"You'll see all too soon. We have to work and work and study and study. We hardly ever get to play."

Annie decided Marie didn't look too overworked. She would wait and judge for herself. Then she promised herself, I will be happy here. She would please her father and mother, and she would work very hard.

"Well," said Brother Williams kindly, "Annie, you've a smile for us already, I see. That's a good beginning."

(*To be continued*)

Dream Mirage

Grace Barker Wilson

I woke last night and thought I heard the wind
Blow through the tops of pine trees on the hill
I used to climb when I was young. A thinned
Far cry of hoot owls brought remembered chill
Along my spine. Soft twitter of the wrens
That nested near my window in the eaves,
Seemed reassuring. As I lay there tense,
I smelled the damp of rain on orchard leaves.
So real it seemed I pulled the curtain back.
White moonlight flooded all the desert land;
On wide horizons shadows hovered black;
No tree, no hill, no bird, just wind and sand.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1896

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

ADDRESS TO THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF CENTERVILLE (UTAH): I think language will fail me, but still enough can be said to encourage the sisters in their noble work. In the language of scripture, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, to nurse and administer to the sick embraces the highest point of the moral law that can be expected of humanity; the fact of which, is so well acknowledged by all sects, all creeds, and all people whether Christian or barbarian . . . and woman has done her work so well that it really appears to be one of the greatest essentials of human happiness . . . no wonder that the Prophet Joseph Smith was inspired to organize the Relief Society, as he saw how much more good could be done in a united capacity . . . .

—John Wayman

UTAH WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB: We do not limit our membership, one of the primary objects of our organization being to encourage young writers and cultivate all their literary possibilities . . . . Although many of the results would not perhaps shine with Shakespearean brilliancy yet we have listened to many choice thoughts that would otherwise never have had birth . . . . Our subjects for consideration and discussion have been historical, biographical, scientific, poetical, and political . . .

—Dr. Ellis R. Shipp

JUNE

O, how we long to climb those hills,
And quaff from out the sparkling rills,
The honeyed nectar of our youth;
For there it flows in limpid streams,
Of which our fancy only dreams,
Springing from wells of living truth . . . .

—E. B. W.

THE WORLD IN COMMOTION: Looking at the events transpiring around the world today, one must necessarily feel that with all the boasted knowledge of this century of civilization, the hidden paths of wisdom are obscure, and only found by a few, who look upward for light and search after eternal truth, as the prophets of old, and who were despised and scoffed at, but whose words were revered by later generations, and if one would profit by such lessons he must beseech the Lord in all humility for guidance . . . .

—Editorial

GRANDMOTHERS: I hope you will all agree with the little girl who said she thought grandmothers were "a good plan." It ought to be so, for one generation is lifted on the shoulders of the one that goes before it . . . . I have felt lifted up and inspired by the good deeds of my ancestors . . . .

—Julia Ward Howe

ARMENIAN WOMEN: The Armenian women as a rule are fine looking with intelligent faces and womanly bearing . . . as they increase in years their intelligence and good looks become more manifest.

—Phoebe C. Young

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BELLE S. SPAFFORD, General President of Relief Society, took part on two panels at the National Association of Practical Nurse Education meetings, in Chicago in May, and attended meetings of the American Mothers Committee, Inc., of which she is a board member, in New York City.

LUELLA ADAMS DALTON, Parowan, Utah, has been selected as Utah's Mother of the Year. Mrs. Dalton, mother of nine children, has been a teacher, missionary, seamstress, writer, actress, and housewife. Mrs. Estella Brown Harmon, Afton, Wyoming, also a Latter-day Saint, and mother of eleven children, was awarded this distinction by her State. Mrs. Dalton and Mrs. Harmon will attend the meeting of the "Mothers" in New York City, where the American Mother of the Year will be selected.

MARGARET TRUMAN, gifted daughter of former President Harry S. Truman and Elizabeth Wallace Truman, was married in April at Independence, Missouri, to Clifton E. Daniel, Jr., a New York newspaper man, formerly of Zebulon, North Carolina. Mrs. Daniel expects to continue with her career, but will not let it interfere with her husband's.

SANTHA RAMA RAU, distinguished Indian novelist, daughter of Sir Benegal Rama Rau, former Ambassador to Washington, has written a new novel *Remember the House*, which "does much to make the hybrid faces of India plainer to the Western eye."

GRACE KELLEY, American actress, became Princess of Monaco in April rites celebrated with European pageantry and festivities. Her husband, Prince Rainier III, is one of the few remaining hereditary rulers, and his gem-like principality on the Mediterranean is considered one of the world's loveliest vacation resorts.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Cynthia L. McClellan Bailey, Salt Lake City, one hundred; Mrs. Unity Knowles Chappell, Nephi, Utah, ninety-nine; Mrs. Catherine Melissa Hulet Dalley, Joseph, Utah, ninety-six; Mrs. Mrs. Elizabeth J. Day, Hunter, Utah, ninety-four; Mrs. Elnora Sorensen Hammond, Moreland, Idaho, ninety-three; Mrs. Elizabeth Mohr Felix, Logan, Utah, ninety-one; Mrs. Josephine Dickerson West, Pleasant Grove, Utah, ninety-one; Mrs. Charlotte Fawcett Beard, Henefer, Utah, ninety; Mrs. Minnie Hill Miller, Salt Lake City, ninety; Mrs. Emma Stembridge Staker, Marion, Utah, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 43 JUNE 1956 NO. 6

The 126th Annual Church Conference

THE 126th Annual Conference of the Church convened in Salt Lake City on April 6-8, 1956. It was a period of refreshment to tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints who heard the proceedings by radio and saw them by television originating with KSL and KSL-TV. The fifth session, the Priesthood meeting, had an attendance, made possible through closed circuits, of over 30,000 bearers of the Priesthood in western states and Hawaii. The coverage of conference proceedings increases materially each six months.

President David O. McKay, beloved prophet who was marking his fiftieth year in service since becoming an apostle, presided and conducted all seven sessions of the conference. All members of the General Authorities were present and participated, except for Elder Ezra Taft Benson whose duties as Secretary of Agriculture kept him at Washington, D.C. President Joseph Fielding Smith delivered the Church of the Air Address over CBS on the "Significance of the Atonement."

After stating some outstanding accomplishments of the Church since the October 1955 conference, President McKay urged and counseled the saints:

> I feel constrained . . . at this opening session to make an appeal for more stability, more harmony and happiness in home life . . . .
>
> To the young people of the Church, particularly, I should like to say first that a happy home begins not at the marriage altar, but during the brilliant, fiery days of youth. The first contributing factor to a happy home is the sublime virtue of loyalty, one of the noblest attributes of the human soul . . . . It means fidelity to parents . . . .
>
> Next to loyalty to parents, I should like to urge loyalty to self . . . . Keep true to the best, and never let an hour of indulgence scar your life for eternity . . . .
>
> Next under that heading of loyalty, I urge LOYALTY TO YOUR FUTURE COMPANION . . . .
>
> Next to loyalty as contributive to a happy home, I should like to urge CONTINUED COURTSHIP, and apply this to grown people. Too many couples have come to the altar of marriage looking upon the marriage ceremony as the end of courtship instead of the beginning of an eternal courtship . . . .
>
> The next contributing factor to your happy marriage I would name is SELF-CONTROL . . . .
>
> Marriage offers an opportunity to share in the love and care of children, and that is the true purpose of marriage . . . .
>
> In conclusion, for the proper solution of the great problems of marriage we may turn with safety to Jesus, our Guide. He declared, as I read in the beginning, that marriage is ordained of God and that only under the most exceptional conditions should it be set aside . . . .
>
> It will not dissolve when sealed by the authority of the Holy Priesthood throughout all eternity. The marriage ceremony, when thus sealed, produces happiness and joy unsurpassed by an other experience in the world . . . .

PRESIDENT Stephen L Richards "in the spirit of the brotherhood and the love which the gospel of our Lord inspires," declared:

> Repentance was always, and is, a part

of the law and the Gospel plan, and the mercy which the Savior brought is essential to the doctrine of repentance and and to the administration of the laws of God. The fine balance between the two is preserved for us in the great principle that mercy shall not rob justice (Alma 42:25), nor justice mercy . . . .

Every single commandment, stern as it may appear to some, is in reality an avenue to the glorious realm of peace and happiness. But repentance is an outstanding principle of mercy and love and kindness, attesting the concern and love of the Father for his children, for in the final analysis, he gave his Beloved Son, not alone to redeem us from the effect of transgressions which lay heavy upon the whole race of men, but also to give to us the inexpressibly glorious opportunity of repenting of our own individual transgressions, so that we might again come back into his presence clean and forgiven, through the precious gift of repentance . . . .

Just as repentance is a divine principle, so is forgiveness . . . . If we were more liberal in our forgiveness, we would be more encouraging to repentance. Someone has said that the supreme charity of the world is in obedience to the divine injunction, "Judge not . . . ."

Let no brother or sister in the whole family of God feel that he or she has gone beyond the point where error and sin may be left behind and true repentance enlighten the soul with hope and faith . . . .

What the world needs is a repentant world, and you may be assured there is no enduring happiness in anything but goodness . . . .

PRESIDENT J. Reuben Clark, Jr. "with deep humility," addressed himself to the saints:

It is a trite expression that we live in an age of materialism, a materialism which has enthroned worldly things and in a materialism that has cast a shadow even over our spirituality. As I see it, one of the great reasons for this is the shadow which we have cast over Jesus as the Christ . . . they deny to him that he was and is the Christ.

Of all of the innumerable testimonies regarding his personality, I should like to call your attention only to two or three. The first is the great prayer which he offered on the night before his crucifixion . . . . "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou has sent." And the testimony of Peter before the Sanhedrin, when challenged as to the name by which he had performed the miracle at the Gate Beautiful of the Temple, he replied: "by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth . . . for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:10-12) . . . .

And that testimony embodied in that great declaration of the Father himself to Moses, because it is the epitome, the summary of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man . . . ."

His Gospel can be lived, can be enjoyed by the poorest of us, the poorest of us may enjoy the blessings of the Gospel, the blessings of the Priesthood which accompany it. We need neither worldly position nor wealth in order to enjoy all that he has to give. His is the salvation and exaltation, if we follow him, of all of us. There is nothing requiring more than a broken heart and a contrite spirit, and all that flows therefrom . . . .

It is a glorious privilege to live in a day when the gospel has been restored and the saints are permitted, twice a year, to gather and hear the word of the Lord to them. Of all people on the face of the earth most blessed are those who know that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the Lord, and that President McKay is the prophet chosen by the Lord for this day. This knowledge is available to all who would seek it and brings the blessings of heaven.

—M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Summer Work Meetings

IT is the desire of the general board that a work meeting be held each month, as heretofore, during the summer period, June through September 1956.

Diamonds and People

Celia Luce

I held a diamond in the sunlight. It sent sparkles of rainbow hues in every direction. It took ordinary sunlight and reflected it back in a thousand beams of beauty.

I know people who are like diamonds. They take ordinary life and give to it a sparkle of beauty. They do more than just what is expected, and are always finding ways to make life glow with happiness for those around them. They add color and sparkle to everyday life, changing it from a drab existence to a glorious adventure.

Many of us are like a mirror, instead of a diamond. We give back to the world just what is expected of us, mirroring back what the world insists on. We too seldom add the sparkle of thoughtfulness. We could reflect back the golden shine of the glowing sun, if we chose. But that is too much trouble. We do well what is expected of us, but no more.

Some of us are like a black cloth. It absorbs most of the light and gives back very little to the world. It is selfish. It is no coincidence that black is the color of trouble, grief, and death.

May God help us all to find the diamond sparkle.

Virtue
is its own Reward
Be Honest with Yourself
Virtue
is its own reward
And these are its rewards:
Peace of mind
The love of loved ones
A good name
A quiet conscience
The confidence of family & friends
The strength of personal purity
The trust of your children
The sense of purpose in life here
An assurance of everlasting life
with those you love & of peace
and limitless progress hereafter
All this is yours for
keeping the commandments
Be true to your friends, your family
your Father in Heaven
in other words - -
Be Honest With Yourself

VIRTUE is its own reward

There is more to marriage than music and moonlight; there is trust . . and sharing . . and being loved and deserving to be.

There is companionship through years of growing up and growing old together.

And to each partner in an honest marriage there will come a time when nothing will be more important than personal purity.

And it will not be just at some passing hour — but day after day, year after year — as long as you look at your loved ones — as long as you can feel, in reality or in memory, the small hand of a son or daughter as it closes around your finger.

You — each of you — should take no less to marriage than personal purity.

You have a right to expect it of the companion you choose — you have a sacred obligation to keep it and to offer it in return.

The rewards of virtuous living are rich and enduring, but the price of sin runs high.

The reward of virtue is a quiet conscience — the right to answer every question without reservation — the right to look every man squarely in the eye, and every boy and girl and woman also — without an accusing conscience. It is the right to pass on to your children and your children's children a clean record, a clean heritage, a good name.

You cannot cheat. You cannot avoid consequences. So be virtuous.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Commencing with this inspiring message to its young men and young women, the Church takes a significant step forward in its crusade to teach and encourage high moral and ethical conduct among its members.

The key to this new series of inspirational sermonettes is largely one of "self interest" in the true sense. Its central theme is "Be Honest with Yourself." When our young people — and those who are not so young — learn the age-old lesson that virtue, like honesty, temperance, and clean, healthful, happy living are right because they are good for the individual and for society, the world will be a better place.

Recipes From Central America

Submitted by Gladys K. Wagner

Guatemala has many dishes in common with its neighbor, Mexico. However, it uses fewer spices and seasonings. It, as most all Central American countries, also has a variety of dishes that might seem strange to North American tastes, such as: baked iguana (a kind of lizard), armadillo, and an abundance of turtle eggs.

Honduras resembles Mexico rather strongly, but with American and European variations. Most of the local food is based on the Mexican staple dishes: beans, rice, tortillas, etc.

El Salvador's big meal is at noon and usually consists of a seemingly endless variety of courses, with beans and rice forming the staples, much as potatoes in our own North American menus.

Nicaragua, banana country atmosphere, is much like Salvador. "Heavenly Bananas" is likely to become your family's favorite recipe. Local "tamales" are called "nacatamales" and are of the chicken and pork filled variety. Many times these also include shrimp, turkey, olives, and fish.

Costa Rica dines unhurriedly, as a rule, with meals and refreshments seldom more than three hours apart. "Elote" (green corn boiled in the husks) is a welcome change from the ever-present rice.

Panama, the crossroads of the world, has food that is cosmopolitan — Spanish, French, American, slightly international and occasionally Panamanian. The one favorite dish is "Sancocho," the renowned soup-stew of all the Latin countries.

Frijoles — (Black Beans)
Used throughout Central America

Soak 1 cup of black beans overnight; next morning boil with 1 onion and a piece of salt pork until they are done. Put through a sieve, food chopper, or mash thoroughly, until they form a heavy paste. Add a piece of garlic, salt, and pepper, fry the beans until dry, using a small amount of oil for frying.

Maduro en Gloria
(Heavenly Bananas)

4 tbsp. butter
6 firm bananas
¼ lb. cream cheese
4 tbsp. sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 c. heavy cream

Melt the butter in a skillet. Peel the bananas and slice each one lengthwise. Brown quickly in the butter over high heat. Place half of the banana slices on the bottom of a buttered pie plate. Cream the cheese until it is very soft. Add the sugar and cinnamon, beating until light and smooth. Spread half of the mixture on the bananas. Place the remaining banana slices on top; then spread with the remainder of the cream cheese mixture. Pour the heavy cream over the top.

Bake in a 375° oven for 20 minutes or until almost all the cream is absorbed and the top is slightly browned. Do not allow all the cream to be absorbed, or the bananas will be too dry. If desired, some whipped cream may be served on the bananas.

Sancocho

(Meat and Vegetable Stew)

2 onions, chopped
3 cloves garlic minced
4 tbsp. chopped parsley
3 coriander seeds
1 bay leaf
3 tbsp. lemon or lime juice
1 tbsp. salt
1 tbsp. pepper
2 lbs. pork cut into 1-inch cubes
1 lb. beef cut into 1-inch cubes
2 oz. ham cut into small cubes
1 tomato, chopped
3 potatoes, peeled and cubed
1½ c. cubed squash or pumpkin
2 green bananas, sliced ½ inch thick
1 Spanish-style sausage (Cherizo)

Place the onions, garlic, parsley, coriander seeds, and bay leaf in a bowl. Pound until very fine in texture. Add the lemon juice, salt and pepper, and mix to a smooth paste. Place the pork, beef, and ham in a saucepan and add water to cover. Add the onion mixture and stir well. Cover and cook over low heat for 1½ hours. Add the potatoes, squash, and sausage and cook for 20 minutes. Add the banana slices and cook 25 minutes. Season. Serve in deep soup plates.

Ejotes Envueltos en Juevo

(String Beans with Egg)

2 lbs. fresh string beans
1½ tsp. salt
2 eggs separated
fat for deep-fat frying

Wash the string beans and cut off the ends, but leave them whole. Cook with water and salt until almost tender. Drain. Divide the beans into 6 bunches, and tie each bunch together with white sewing thread. Beat the egg yolks well. In another bowl beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold them into the yolks gently but thoroughly. Dip the bunches of string beans into the egg mix, coating them on all sides. Heat fat in a deep saucepan to 375 degrees. Drop the beans into the fat. Fry until light brown, about 2 minutes. Drain.

Gallo en Chica

(Rooster in "Chicha")

1 large rooster, cut for frying
2 lbs. chopped ripe tomatoes
4 onions, chopped
½ lb. dried prunes
2 pieces garlic
6 tbsp. fat
½ tsp. black pepper
salt to taste

Ingredients for making "Chicha"

1 c. brown sugar
1 c. vinegar
1 c. warm water
½ tsp. dry yeast

To prepare "chicha," mix vinegar and water with brown sugar and yeast in glass or similar container and allow to stand at room temperature for 4 to 6 hours.

When "chicha" is ready, fry in frying pan the pieces of rooster in fat till brown; then place meat with fat in pressure cooker. Add tomatoes, onions, garlic, salt, and pepper, and cook in open pressure cooker for 15 minutes, stirring constantly. Add the prepared "chicha," close the pressure cooker and cook at 15 pounds pressure for 25 minutes. Open cooker and add dried prunes and cook in open pressure cooker to consume half the water (approximately half hour). Serve with "Chapin Rice."

Chapin Rice

2 c. rice
2 ripe tomatoes, cut in pieces
1 onion, cut in pieces
2 pieces garlic
3 heaping tbsp. pork lard
2 tsp. salt
4 c. hot water
1 carrot, cut in strips
1 pimiento chili, chopped
½ c. raw peas
½ c. raw string beans, cut

Fry rice in lard with tomatoes, onion, and garlic for 10 minutes; add other vegetables and fry additional 5 minutes, stirring to keep from burning. To this add the hot water and mix together with salt. Cover and leave cooking on low flame for 30 minutes. Do not remove lid or stir until done. When cooked, fluff by gently turning rice with spatula. Serve with "Gallo en Chicha."

The rice can be prepared without carrots, peas, string beans, and pimiento chili, for serving with fried beans or other foods.

(These last two recipes "Gallo en Chicha" and "Chapin Rice" were submitted by Sister Carmen O'Donnal of Mazatenango, Guatemala.)

My Faith in God

Alice Lyman Welling

I know he lives who knows me best,
And how in eagerness I try
To bear my share of bitterness
Without complaint, or tear or sigh.

My faith in God makes gray skies blue;
It lifts the clouds above my head
And bids them move, that rays of light
Reveal a faith, alive, not dead.

So with this gift so precious, rare,
May I not fail with service pure,
But minister to souls who faint
That my salvation will be sure.

Long-Lost Friends

Maude Rubin

With house all neat, no garden to tend—
Fresh cookies baked, dressed-up, I mend . . . .
But I sew alone till that day's end—
Without one friend.

Next day I decide to plant some roses . . . .
When I'm wet and muddy from leaky hoses,
Freckled and sunburned (at least, my nose is!)
Here come my friends!

When Mother's Reputation Was at Stake

Nedra Stone Nickell

MY mother was loved by all who knew her as a good neighbor. Forty or fifty years ago, in a pioneering community, this title was not easily achieved. It meant being on hand at times of birth, sickness, death, accident, and distress with whatever quality of soul and skill the occasion demanded. It meant giving of one's time and substance freely, neither of which was plentiful.

Mother was a dark, slight, quick woman, with no wasted motion. Without conveniences, she was an excellent cook and housekeeper, tended a profitable garden, raised chickens and turkeys, was a "green-thumber" with shrubs and flowers, canned, preserved, and pickled, made cheese, soap, quilts, and rag rugs, sewed and darned, and cared for her husband and four children—all of which was a part of her being a good neighbor, for she *shared* the results of her labor, even father and us, when the situation required us.

To Mother, the most prized possessions were a good name and a generous heart. These ideals were drilled into her children throughout the years. Honesty, dependability, virtue—prerequisite to a good name—were not so hard to assimilate, with her and Father's constant example, but the generous heart proved sometimes quite a problem, and not one of us ever reached Mother's status in this respect.

"Give the best that you have, even all that you have, if another needs it more than you," was the motto by which she lived.

When a neighbor's cow died, leaving the children without milk, they were presented with the very best cow we owned. I remember thinking, Now, why couldn't it have been old Dolly, the one who gives me so much trouble when I herd them on the hills, or old Nell, whom Father hates to milk because she's a little short on the action end, as he says.

But, no, that would never have suited Mother. It had to be the best.

Then there were the times when I was called upon to share my store of dolls and other playthings with some less fortunate child. Mother's method of presenting a case was always convincing, which enabled me to give some things quite freely, but that *best* was one I never could surmount in my childhood.

Saturday was Mother's big baking day. Generous quantities of edibles were prepared to tide us over Sunday, so that we could all go to Church and still serve a bounteous meal to the playmates and friends of various ages whom we invited home to dinner through the years.

ABOUT a mile and a half from our homestead an old Danish widower, named Dan Olsen, lived with his young son. Coincidently or arranged, every Saturday he journey-

ed to town to replenish his supplies. On his return he always dropped in. I watched eagerly for his one-horse buckboard to appear, for he never failed to bring me a nickel sack of candy, in those days a just reward for any childish effort. When ready to leave, he was heavily laden with warm, fresh bread, and pie, cake, cookies, or whatever was the order of the day.

When his son, who was then twelve years old, broke his leg, Mother insisted on bringing the boy to our already overcrowded home to nurse him until it healed. He was given the best bed in the house, where he lay for a month. I remember hearing Mother and Father up with him night after night soothing his pain. It was three months before he was able to return to his father.

About two years following this incident, Mr. Olsen suddenly stopped coming to our home. Candy hungry, each Saturday I watched anxiously for his buckboard, but each Saturday he passed by with his head turned the other way.

Of course, Mother was very upset. The second time this happened she called to him as he passed, but he never stopped or seemed to hear her. Then she began inquiring of the neighbors, if they knew the reason for his strange behavior. The report was that he had stopped speaking to everyone. He just didn't like people anymore and repulsed all attempts at friendliness.

Soon after this we learned that he had named his cows after the women of the community. Naturally, we children managed to see the one he called "Cora," after Mother. She was red with vicious-looking horns and a stubby tail. Father thought this was a good joke and gently kidded Mother about it. We youngsters saw some humor in the situation, also, but we didn't dare say anything because to Mother it wasn't funny — it just did something to her good name, and when the subject was mentioned, a tear or two would sometimes fall.

However, her generous heart was undaunted. Every week, through the spring, summer, and fall of my seventh year, laden with food, I trudged the mile and a half to Mr. Olsen's home.

AT times, the food arrived in a somewhat doubtful state. Being a farmer's daughter and a child of nature, I found much to allure me from a quick delivery. There were flowers to pick on the hillside, birds' nests to search for in the sagebrush, and a pleasant time could be spent sitting with bare feet in the dust of the road, sniffing the various, glorious smells of the countryside — the damp, sweet odor of earth and new green shoots of willows along the ditchbank, the wafted perfume of lilac and plum blossoms, the tantalizing scent of new-mown hay. Then, too, I was reluctant to reach my destination; among the children of the community there was the rumor that the old man was crazy and might do us harm — and I was just plain scared.

Eventually, however, it had to be done, so I would timidly approach the house, set the food on the porch, call Mr. Olsen's name until

he came to the door, then run as fast as I could until I was out of breath. He was a small, quick man, with reddish unruly hair and a generous moustache of the same hue, and I always pictured him pursuing me with these flowing in the wind, but I hadn't the courage to look back to alleviate my fears.

LATE that fall word came to us that Mr. Olsen was ill. Mother's indignation melted at once, and she ordered my brother to hitch the horse to the buggy.

"I must go to him, even if he doesn't like me," she said, busily tying on a clean apron and gathering her supplies, while giving my sister instructions for taking charge at home. "I can't leave an old man alone with only a boy to care for him; it just isn't neighborly."

So, laden with home remedies and more food, she and I set forth.

When we reached our destination, Mother's steps were firm and resolute as she marched without hesitance to the door. Mine were timid and dragging, as I followed behind, my arms holding, with reluctance, a home-pressed cheese and a dressed stewing hen.

We found Mr. Olsen ill with a bad cold. He was too sick to object to Mother's ministrations, which she assumed at once, making him clean and comfortable and applying the remedies of pioneer life. While he slept and the chicken cooked, she cleaned the house — with some help from me, ironed shirts, and then sat down to sew on needed buttons.

Mr. Olsen awakened in the late afternoon, feeling much better. He looked at Mother strangely for a few minutes, while a tear slid slowly down his roughened face and nestled in his graying moustache. "You are a good, kind woman," he said. "I am a mean and foolish old man. I quit for speaking to my neighbors because they are too good to me and I do nutting in return. That is not the vay to show I am grateful. I vas so wrong. I vill do better."

Mother smiled at him. "You were a foolish one," she said, as she arranged the tempting tray of food before him. "Don't you know it makes us happy to help you?" She hesitated, at a loss for words. "But, tell me . . . ." Her face flushed a little, "How could you call a cow Cora?"

The old man grinned and said nothing for a moment, while his moustache moved rhythmically up and down. "Oh, those cows!" he chuckled. "May, she is the bossy vun, always throwing her head and chasing the others. Dottie, she is the so stubborn, selfish vun — she holds up her milk; half of the time she only gives me half of her milk. But that Cora . . . ." A fond light crept into his eyes, "She is the good and generous vun. All that she has is mine."

I glanced up at Mother. She wore her "all's right with the world" expression. Her good name was intact. She and the cow were kindred spirits.

Apparent, also, was a decided twinkle in her eye, which was a probable indication that she could now laugh with Father over this one. I, too, was feeling happy, with visions of little sacks of candy again.

Cliff Homes of the Ancients

Nell Murbarger

VANISHED civilizations and ruined cities of the Old World undoubtedly represent the *ne plus ultra* of archeological significance, but nowhere in the world are there known cliff dwellings of larger extent, or more elaborately constructed, than those found in our own Western United States.

Preeminent among those cliffside dwellings are the ancient apartment houses now preserved in Mesa Verde National Park, in southwestern Colorado.

Discovered to science in 1888 and granted national park status fifty years ago, the seventh to be established among our twenty-eight national parks, Mesa Verde has since played host to hundreds of thousands of persons who have gazed upon her fine, old ruins in amazement, and have carried away with them a greater realization of America's antiquity than they had ever before known.

On this well-forested tableland, nearly a mile and a half above sea level, and 2000 feet above the surrounding Mancos Valley, men were living possibly as long ago as the beginning of the Christian era! As long as 1200 years ago, these Mesa Verde dwellers were tilling fields of corn, squash, and beans; were fashioning handsome baskets and decorated pottery, and weaving fine cotton cloth. And nearly 1,000 years ago, these same ancient dwellers began construction of the incredible series of stone-masonry apartment houses of which the largest and finest was magnificent Cliff Palace, 300 feet in length, with 202 dwelling rooms situated on eight floor levels, plus twenty-three kivas, or ceremonial chambers!

In addition to unknown numbers of these great cliff cities, which were built inside open-faced caves in the nearly sheer walls of the canyons, the ancient inhabitants of Mesa Verde had built plateau villages, as well. No one knows how many ruins of both types are situated within the park boundaries, but the number of major cliff ruins has been loosely estimated between 300 and 400; and as each of these ruins formerly sheltered from a few to several hundred Indian inhabitants, the aggregate population of the area must have been considerable.

After the ancient Mesa Verdens had resided in their pit houses on the plateau, and in their great cave palaces for 1,000 years or more, evil days fell upon their colony. The year 1276, or near that time, according to archeological calculations, saw the beginning of a twenty-four-year drought cycle. With not enough rain falling to maintain life in their fields, to supply drinking water to wild game, or to develop the nutritious kernels in pine seeds and acorns, hunger came to stalk the land; and as springs and other water sources disappeared, the people of Mesa Verde began

Nell Murbarger
CLIFF PALACE RUIN, MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK, COLORADO

drifting away to the Rio Grande Valley and the highlands of present day New Mexico and Arizona.

By A.D. 1300, Mesa Verde is believed to have been completely deserted by her people. Without hands to maintain them, the great cliff palaces fell eventually into partial ruin; and between the last footfall of the departing Indians, and the first white discoverers of the canyonside cities, there passed nearly six centuries when the only living beings to occupy these rooms are believed to have been the furred and feathered creatures of the wild.

TODAY finds Mesa Verde's great apartment houses in a state of picturesque ruin, but with a major portion of their walls still standing. No admirer of antiquity can fail to be impressed by the architectural handwork of these ancient builders who flourished so many generations ago. That many of these stone masonry walls—laid without mortar, perhaps more than four centuries before the discovery of America by Columbus — are still as straight and true as if laid by modern stonemasons, speaks well for the intelligence and native ability of the men.

In addition to the several outstanding cliff ruins open daily throughout the summer season to ranger-escorted visitors, many other interesting ruins are visible from two rim drives, which may be

travelled either in one's own automobile, or in hotel-operated conveyances available at nominal cost.

The park's admission fee of one dollar covers use of all park roads, free camping or picnicking privileges in a large, pine-shaded campground with wood, water, and other conveniences; and free admittance to both park museums. These include a museum of natural history, and an archeological and ethnological museum featuring dioramas and exhibits which provide the most important single aid to understanding the human pre-history of the region. Visitors to the park will find it to their advantage to spend some time in the latter museum, both before visiting the ruins and again afterward.

To auto travelers, Mesa Verde is readily accessible over paved highways from every part of the country — the recommended routes from Salt Lake City and vicinity being U.S. 50 and U.S. 160; and from Denver and the East, U.S. 50 and 160, or over U.S. 85-87 and 160. The side road to the park leaves U.S. 160 about midway between Cortez and Mancos, Colorado, from which point park headquarters lie nineteen miles distant, at an elevation of 6,965 feet. From the highest point in the park (8,575 feet) it is possible to view 14,000 square miles of the famous "Four Corners Country."

Visitors not desiring to camp, will find motel cabins and housekeeping tents available for rent during the summer season (generally from about May 15th to November 1st.) During this same period park facilities include stores selling general supplies and souvenirs, a restaurant, gasoline station, and stables where riding horses may be rented.

Inquiries concerning rates, reservations, and other information, should be addressed to Mesa Verde Company, Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado.

My Garden

Catherine E. Berry

My garden wears upon its face
The bloom of poppies, Queen Anne's lace
To frame its locks of iris blue,
And zinnias of every hue
To star its flowered Sunday gown,
With marigolds to make a crown.

And Canterbury bells will ring
Whenever winds of twilight sing,
Pale moonflowers open in the night
When four-o'clocks have closed up tight;
And when the dawn has tinged the skies
My garden opens rosebud eyes.

Make Children's Clothes Economically and Professionally

Ivie Huish Jones

KNOWING exactly how much material to buy to make a certain article of clothing is an art worthy of cultivation. Planning ahead, and taking into consideration some of the fundamental principles of proper cutting technique, is a means of helping to keep within the family clothing budget.

Manufacturers know that their profit lies in careful cutting to fit the pattern to the goods instead of the goods to the pattern, thus producing little or no waste. From the president of a large manufacturing company, I learned, at an early age, one of the most valuable lessons of my life on cutting garments. Opening a room filled with scraps, he fairly shouted: "Here is my profit. If you can cut the garments I want without all this waste, the job is yours." Designing patterns so that the scraps from one piece fit exactly onto another, is the secret.

When yardage is limited, even in home sewing, accurate cutting is imperative. If the garment is to be reproduced several times, as is usually the case with Relief Society sewing, make the pattern of heavy paper or light-weight cardboard and make the pattern exact. Guessing at the size or allowing too much material for the seams, then fitting later, is wasteful of both time and material.

Estimate Needed Yardage

Taking advantage of sales, remnants, and samples can prove real economy or it can be a wasteful expenditure of clothing money. We find many widths of material today. It is well to determine how much material to buy of the different widths. Most commercial patterns give these estimates, but they may be based on less accurate cutting.

Using the corner of a table as a starting point, or a bed if the table is too small, measure the width of the material to be purchased and place one yardstick down at that width. Then place the second yardstick down, marking half the width of the material, pretending that the material is folded double. Whenever possible it is well to cut all pieces double as this prevents such calamaties as cutting both sleeves for one arm or both pants fronts for one leg. Now adjust the pattern in that space and then measure the length to buy of the different widths of material. If the pattern requires one yard and four inches, why buy a yard and three-fourths?

Combining Short Length Materials

The patterns shown here were used by Relief Society sisters for materials purchased on one of those "take it or leave it" sales. There were six hundred samples of good quality rayon and cotton gabardine, forty-five inches wide and eighteen inches long, in every color of the rainbow. These were folded crosswise, simplifying the cutting. No two were exactly alike in both tex-

ture and shade, but this only added interest, for it made necessary the combining of colors which often adds attractiveness, especially to children's clothing. Combinations of rich gray with blues, soft tans with browns, pink hues with rose or red, or the many different shades of green, were pleasing.

Cutting the boy's shorts out of eighteen inches of material was interesting, for it was like balancing a budget. There was just so much cloth, no more, no less. The one half yard made a pair of shorts up to sizes six to eight. With forty-five-inch material, one could choose between three different styles: shorts with a bib and suspenders; shorts with set-in pockets and a belt; or shorts with trimmings to match a loose sport coat.

TWO-PIECE SUIT
The model is Robert E. Jensen four years old

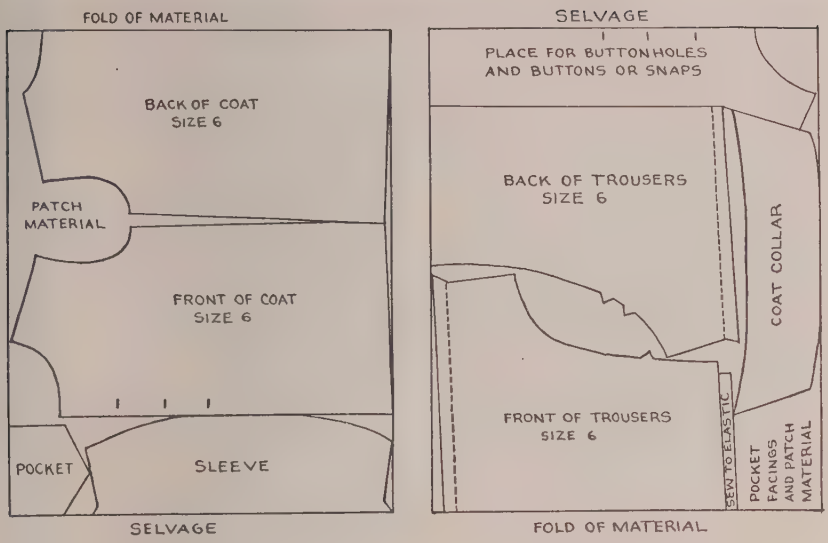
For marking around the pattern onto the cloth, leftover pieces of soap may be used in place of tailor's chalk.

After marking around the pattern carefully, pin each piece of the pattern on the material to prevent the material from slipping while cutting and also to keep the different pieces together. Cut carefully on the marks.

Tailoring

Making men's and boys' clothes is an easy task and satisfactory, too, if the technique of good tailoring is adhered to. Every seamstress knows something about tailoring so the entire process need not be given here. A few short-cuts, however, might prove helpful. In general, the real secret of good tailoring is: accurate cutting; straight sewing; handling and turning as little as possible; and pressing as you sew.

There is nothing complicated about making a pair of boy's shorts and they may be given a tailored look even when using cotton materials. Have the fronts plain or pleated, never gathered, and have pressed in creases. Sew and press each leg separately and you will be pleased with your tailoring job. By all means fell the side seams of washable materials. Press after each operation, using light-weight brown paper, such as thin paper sacks or paper bags from the cleaners. Place the paper over the part to be pressed, and then moisten the paper with a wet sponge. Be sure that the iron is not too hot. Sew up the legs on the machine, and hem



the bottom by hand, using the lock hemming stitch which is so desirable for children's clothes because it does not unravel.

For convenience and effectiveness in giving the final pressing, use two small magazines about the size of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Leave one magazine flat and roll the other, covering each with brown wrapping paper. Inside seams of sleeves and legs should be pressed over the rolled up magazine while the flat one should be inserted into the leg while the hem is being pressed. This presses the upper side without wrinkling the under side or leaving the marks of the hem. Men and boys could use this idea to advantage when pressing the cuffs on their trousers.

Before sewing the two legs together, give them the final pressing touch. Placing the under leg seam exact with the side seam, makes the creases fall into position and look like father's trousers. Press well, using the dampened paper. Sew the two legs together and flat fell. Also keep that tailored look by giving special attention to the waistband or waist hem.

Turn the hem at the top of the shorts one inch and pin or baste. Stitch on the top edge, not one-fourth inch away but on the edge. Cut a piece of one-half inch cotton tape, not bias—or a straight strip of material, two inches longer than from crease to crease in the front of the shorts. Attach to this tape sufficient good quality elastic, one-half inch wide, to make a circle to fit the child's waist. Pin the tape carefully on the under side of the hem between the creases, being sure to place the middle of the tape at the center seam. On the sewing machine, stitch the tape or straight piece material down firmly to the under side of the hem only. This keeps the waistline straight

across the front. Now turn under the hem one-fourth inch, beginning across the front. Keep the elastic well up into position. On the sewing machine turn under the hem over the elastic a little way at a time. Push the gathers as it seems necessary, always doing so when the presser bar is down firmly and when the needle is in the goods. With a little practice a professional job will result. No stitching will show on right side of shorts. Remember collars are much easier to attach before the side seams are sewed up.

Proceed with the coat or jacket as you would in making a man's shirt, shoulder seams first, then attach the collar and add front facings. Sew in the sleeves and flat fell if the material is to be washed. The coat part fits up onto the sleeve instead of the sleeve onto the coat. Fold the fronts together evenly and mark the position of the pockets, then sew them into place while the garment is open. Press well before sewing up the side seams, and there will be little pressing necessary when the coat is finished.

Buy the right amount of material, cut carefully, stitch straight, and press well, and tailoring will be a joy.

Mortar for the Miles

Verla R. Hull

Silence may be golden,
But never seems to be
When no dear friend across the miles
Takes time to write to me.

So I have the post-card habit,
For letters, digest form.
Now gainful waiting-moments
Can keep my friendships warm!

On a Sleepless Summer Night

Beulah Huish Sadleir

You have deigned to show me love
As new as each awaited moon
Upon its rising date.
The white rose blooming by the door
Breathes life through every silvered pore.

The dampened grass is therapy to
Soul and feet—and
While there is no sleep—the thought
Of you dispels such loneliness
As might be here.

There Is Still Time

Chapter 5 (Conclusion)

Margery S. Stewart

THE girl obeyed meekly. She lay still while Elizabeth adjusted the straps, but when they waited for the elevator she lifted her eyes. They were blue and clear, like a child's, and full of pain and fear. "If my mother were only here . . . . or someone. I don't want to lose my baby."

Elizabeth was swept with pity. She took the girl's hand, held it tightly in her own. She smoothed the hair back from the girl's forehead. "Listen, my child, and don't be afraid. This doesn't mean you won't have your baby next time. Sometimes these things happen. But next time will be different. Just keep remembering that."

The girl clutched her hand. "Bill and I want a baby more than anything else in the world. We were so happy."

"You just pray as hard as you can, and I'll pray with you and everything will be all right. I promise you."

The girl sighed, relaxed. "You sound just like my mother. That's what she would say."

Elizabeth took her upstairs, remembered at the last moment to pull the mask over her face, forgot to leave the chart at the desk, but remembered the operating room. Gentle nurses took the girl, wiped away her tears, murmured encouragement. The girl looked back to Elizabeth.

"Thank you. I feel strong now. I'm not afraid."

Elizabeth went back to the chart. She reached for the chalk and crossed out the name of Mrs. Malouf.

Mrs. Malouf, too, was alone. She was a large, silent woman. But on the elevator she opened her eyes. "Hold a thought for me," she said.

"I will," Elizabeth said firmly. "I certainly will."

She watched the elevator doors open before her. She pulled up her mask. This is a little job, she thought, not very important, but I'm so glad . . . so very glad I have it. To walk even a little way with someone in need is happiness deeper than I have ever known.

It was three o'clock before she knew it. The nurse who had helped her with the uniform came to her. "You'll come tomorrow?"

Elizabeth nodded.

"Thank goodness! Tired?"

"A little. I can rest when I go home."

The nurse smiled. "You'll get used to the job, it will take a few days."

"I wonder how you do it," Elizabeth said, "it's bitter hard work, and such responsibility."

The nurse took off her cap and shook out her light brown curls. "Wouldn't trade my job for the plushiest career in town."

IT was good to hurry home, to close the big front door behind her, and relax in Matilda's bustling concern. "Here's iced raspberry punch I've been saving for you and some chiffon cake I made special. Was it hard?"

Elizabeth shook her head. "No. It was good. Matilda, you can't imagine how really brave people are. How did Grandma Anderson make out?"

"My land! You never heard such singings and hummings and bustling about . . . happy as a mother bird with new nestlings, she was."

Elizabeth sighed with relief. "I'm glad. It's all going to work out fine. Know something, Matilda?"

"No'm."

"Everybody needs a big job to do, Matilda, work to stretch his mind and muscles. It's good that way."

Matilda cleared away the glass and plate. "And you need a nice little rest before the youngsters git here, and besides, you ain't forgettin' the dinner party tonight?"

Elizabeth jumped to her feet. "Completely forgotten it. I better run upstairs and dab some cream on my face. The dinner is at Mrs. Jones' and you know how beautiful she is."

Matilda's smile was brief and white. "Mis' Jones is one gorgeous creature, and I ain't exaggeratin'!" She rolled her eyes. "That red hair and those green eyes and that figure!"

"Will you please send the youngsters upstairs when they come in?" she called to Matilda.

Elaine was first. She came in slowly, with the shining look around her dark eyes that Elizabeth had come to associate with: A. an unexpected compliment; B. a special date; C. the consumption of a large indigestible mound of French fried potatoes and catchup.

"You'll never guess!" She came to light upon the bed.

"You're in love?"

"Hate boys."

"You ate three bars on the way home from school?"

"Mother, be serious! They've asked me to give a dramatic reading at Mutual next week."

Elizabeth sat up. "A what?"

Elaine nodded. "Just as I thought. No one around here cares what I do or want . . . or dream about. No one has even noticed that I've spent hours . . . simply hours in the garage, practicing."

"Practicing what?"

"My reading. I'm going to give 'The Interlude.' It's terribly sad, about a girl who is bidding her lover farewell . . . he's going to war, you know."

Apprehension seized Elizabeth. From her own youth she conjured up memories of miserable moments brought on by her own lack of humor. "Darling, don't you think it would be best to . . . sort of break it in gently . . . I mean, start out with something light and gay . . . ."

Her voice trailed away, muffled by Elaine's accusing glare.

She stood up, floated disdainfully to the door. "I might have known I could expect nothing . . . simply nothing from my family. No one around here . . ." she looked over Elizabeth's head, "understands art, or anything, really." She went out, closing the door firmly behind her.

Elizabeth's listening ear followed her footsteps down the back stairs, through the kitchen . . . pause . . . slam of the refrigerator door . . . pause. That meant the last of the cake and a second glass of milk. The screen door slammed and the garage door screeched open. Elizabeth sank back on her pillows. Every man to his own idea, and every child to its own learning. She fell fast asleep.

SHE was awakened by Brent. He sat beside her and rumpled her hair. "Hey, beautiful! How's the nurse?"

She opened her eyes. "Hi, Brent! Is it late?"

"Six. When are we due at Karen's?"

"Seven. Twins home?"

"Yup. In the back yard with Mother. She's teaching them how to braid a lasso." He got up. "I'll get in and out of the shower. Maybe it will give me a boost."

"Tired?"

He passed a hand wearily over his face. "Beat. It makes me so mad when I can't push a thing through the way I want it . . . past all the people who stand in the way."

She swung out of bed. "Anything special?"

"The job. Lost out on two bids. Some new people . . . . They are cutting their own throats just to get in, and cutting mine, too, incidentally."

She went to him, put her arms around him. "I wish I could help."

He turned away. "No one can help. A man is strictly on his own in this racket."

"But he isn't."

He rumpled her hair. "Yes, yes I know . . . I should believe in the ultimate reward. Well, I'll go take that shower."

"Brent . . . ."

"Yes?"

She took a deep breath. "I'd give anything I possess to give you what I'm discovering. That's just how beautiful and comforting it is."

His mouth straightened, stubbornly. "Better be getting out your most lavish, darling. Karen is probably going to be loaded for bear."

KAREN'S dinner party was a beautiful affair. Elizabeth looked down the long white cloth, with its sparkling silver and softly flaring candles. Karen was in smoke-gray chiffon and pearls. She was laughing at something her guest on the right had said.

"Now I'm the type that doesn't lean," Karen was saying, "I simply can't imagine a situation that could shrivel me. I think people should learn a complete independence."

"But we must lean on something, someone, greater than ourselves . . . . We need the Lord, at least I do." The guest was Doctor Neiland, a scientist.

Karen tilted her chin defiantly. "That's for the weak."

"I do not consider myself exactly weak," the scientist said dryly, "nor any number of my friends."

Karen laughed. "How very serious we are becoming. I will not have people serious around me. There's nothing to be solemn about . . . it's roses, roses all the way." She flashed her lovely, appealing smile on all her guests, "Let's go to the living room. I've a new song I want to sing for you."

She rose and led the way, her gray chiffon swished softly about her, the net stole floated back from her shoulders.

Elizabeth felt a trifle heavy and dull next to such electric charm. She found herself a chair and looked around for Brent. He was in close conversation with a group of men. Their faces were grave and closed.

Karen came over to her. "Accompany me. You know the song."

Elizabeth complied. She looked through the music, lifted her eyes to Karen, awaiting her signal.

Suddenly Karen laughed and darted away. She returned in a moment, a silver candelabrum in her hand. She placed it on the piano to everyone's amusement and bowed to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth laughed. It was all so gay and light and fun, a typical Karen evening. She swept into the music, and Karen began to sing.

It must have been, Elizabeth decided later, quite a few moments before anyone noticed the fire. It happened so suddenly. Was it Karen, or someone else? Karen ran about, flames from the candle circling madly through the flimsy stole, the fragile dress, her hair.

If she had only stood still, not run away from them. But she did, crying and dodging away from the arms that would smother the fire, until Brent caught her and forced her to the rug and wrapped his jacket around her, beating out the flames with his bare hands.

Elizabeth found herself kneeling beside Karen, sobbing . . . . Karen covered her burned face with her burned hands.

"It's gone!" she cried, "it's gone!" Over and over again.

* * * * *

Brent's hands were not badly burned. He would not go to the hospital, insisted Elizabeth could take care of them, and she followed the doctor's instructions.

Brent's thick blonde brows drew together. "Why did she keep saying, 'I'ts gone'?"

"I don't know. Do you suppose she meant her looks?" Elizabeth caught his shoulders. "She won't be scarred! Not Karen!"

ELIZABETH went to the hospital half an hour early. She found her way to Karen's room. It was dark. A nurse rose up from beside Karen's bed.

"How is she?"

Karen whimpered under the heavy bandages. "It's gone! Oh, Elizabeth what shall I do? What shall I do? There's nothing for me at all, if I don't have any beauty."

"Nonsense." Elizabeth sat beside her. "In the first place, we're not sure your beauty is gone; in the second place, we'll love you just the same."

Karen turned her head from side to side on the pillow. "No," she said, "you won't love me. When I was a child and fearfully ugly, no one loved me at all. But one day I started being pretty, and then it all began . . . the friends, the fun, my marriage . . . everything began when I was pretty. My whole life is built on it."

Later, talking to Doctor Neal, Elizabeth felt better. There would be plastic surgery, and time, and perhaps, even scars, but not a hopeless disfigurement.

Doctor Neal shook his head. "But what good is it, if she's going to

stay in that room of her life all the time?"

"What do you mean?"

He said, "There are so many rooms of happiness in the house of our life. It's pathetic to me to see people cling to one room, even though it's being demolished, affords no shelter, because they don't believe enough to open the door to another room and take a look around."

Elizabeth went back to Karen. "He says it's going to be all right."

Karen turned away. "He's just saying that."

Elizabeth went closer. "You've got to believe. Think of the suffering you'll save yourself, if you'll only believe."

"I can't believe," Karen cried from her bleak abyss. "I never could believe. I can't just start now."

"You've got to stop thinking about yourself. You can't imagine how much you are needed in the world. Right in this hospital there are a dozen places . . . ." She fell silent, for the door of Karen's anguish, she had no key.

ELIZABETH stopped at the temple grounds on her way home. She had grown into the habit of stopping here frequently. As the building progressed, the feeling around it changed. Not so much of peace, Elizabeth thought, but a feeling of readiness for the future.

Elizabeth looked at the high, beautiful walls of the temple, breathtaking in their height and purity of line.

I am like the house, she thought, something of me that was of the world is being broken and taken away . . . and in its place could stand, if only I were willing to live for it, the spiritual house.

The thought filled her with such humility and longing she could scarcely bear the pain of it. "A temple not made with hands . . . ." They were putting in the steps. She went to stand beside them, seeing in her mind's eye the generations of young men and women who would climb these stairs to their marriage vows, of the children who would come to be baptized for their dead fathers, the older men and women coming to do the work for their dead.

Oh, let me be a part of it, she prayed . . . no matter how small, no matter how humble . . . let my whole family be a part of it. Let Brent and me come here . . . .

Elizabeth turned toward home. It was good to drive into her own driveway, to look at her own lawn and flowers.

She stopped short on the threshold. Brent was home . . . at three thirty in the afternoon, an unprecedented occurrence. She looked at her watch to make sure. "Darling, you're not feeling well?"

Brent did not lift his head. "I feel all right," his voice was flat, dead.

She went to him, knelt beside him, cradled his head on her shoulder. "What's wrong, Brent? Too much work?"

He pushed away from her with heavy, slow movements. "It's gone," he said.

Alarmed, she shook him. "What are you talking about?"

"My construction outfit. I've just lost it."

She sat very still on her heels. I

should have known. Flashes from the past months rose before her eyes. Brent's frantic absorption in his business, his increasing irritability.

"It isn't that bad. We still have the house."

He laughed shortly. "For about a month. It's mortgaged to the hilt and with no business to pay for it. I thought I'd get that Lander's bid, today. Bid as low as I dared. Lost it, and that's that."

I should be prostrate with fear and worry about tomorrow, she thought. But I'm not. I feel sure, so very sure that everything will come out all right, that this is going to be taken care of.

She put her hand on his arm. "You started from nothing once before."

He pushed her hand away. "That was twenty years ago. I'm old and I'm tired."

He held out his hands, palms up. "I haven't the price to get started."

ELIZABETH spread out her skirts with long, gentle fingers. "But if you had a job, and I had a job, and we worked and saved, we would soon have enough to build another house, and then two houses, just like we did before."

He looked at her questioningly, "But what of the children? What of Elaine? What of our friends?"

The swift memory of Maria brushed coldly upon her. She pushed it away with strong insistence. "There are friends and friends. If we lose these, we'll find some others. If we lose these, we never really had their friendship at all, so, consequently, we haven't lost a thing."

"But the money? We've lost all that money."

She stood up and walked about the room. "Money can't buy Karen her beauty again, nor the belief and unselfishness to go on without it. Money won't buy us the courage we're going to need. You'll have to start looking for a higher place than the bank, Brent."

Brent rose up, too, and came to her and took her in his arms. "A higher place . . . where you've been going for months and months? Elizabeth, you are a tower."

She held him close. "I'm not strong, Brent. But I know where strength is, all kinds of strength."

He held his cheek against hers. "I've watched you for a long time . . . watched you grow, watched the children change from selfish, screaming youngsters to nice, decent kids. Is it as simple as going to Church?"

She took a deep breath. "If you're humble and pray and do everything you can until you *know*. I am learning and so can you. And there is no joy to compare with it."

Brent dropped his arms. He went over to stand before the window. "You can see the temple from here, ever notice?"

Elizabeth went to stand beside him. "It isn't finished yet . . . there's still time."

Brent turned to her. "Time for what?" His voice was curiously gentle.

She smiled and moved within the shelter of his arms. "Time for us to help build it, my darling."

"We'll do that," Brent promised huskily.

Emily Chadwick Zaugg Makes Many Quilts

EMILY Chadwick Zaugg, West Point, Utah, has made many quilts in many designs and in a great variety of colors and patterns. Appliqued quilts, pieced quilts, designs in intricate quilting patterns, quilts in basket design, star quilts, modified star designs, tulip quilts, diamond patterns, and many others have been made by the busy fingers of this devoted mother. She has made quilts of small scraps and large scraps, used clothing, and new materials — quilts for many people and for many homes, for gifts to members of her family and for Relief Society bazaars.

Mrs. Zaugg, now eighty-five years old, is the mother of twelve living children. She has fifty-nine grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. As a young mother of six children she carried the responsibility of the family, while her husband served on a two-year mission. While living in LeGrande, Oregon, Mrs. Zaugg helped to operate a family dairy, churning three gallons of cream at a time and molding the butter into two pound "pats." She read *The Relief Society Magazine* while turning the churn. She was president of Relief Society in the Mountain Glenn Ward in Oregon for seventeen years, and during that time her thirteenth child was born. Three years later her husband was called on another mission — this time to Switzerland and Germany. In 1935 the family moved to West Point, Utah. Sister Zaugg became a visiting teacher and is still faithful in this capacity. In 1948, she became the Relief Society work meeting leader and has had charge of the quilt-making projects.

To a Friend

Marvel Crookston

A friend once sent some daffodils
To make my sick room gay.
Now spring can never pass again
But glad thoughts wing her way.

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Barbara D. Howell

SAN JOSE STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SAN JOSE FIRST WARD FORMER PRESIDENTS HONORED AT MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS BANQUET

Front row, seated, left to right: Della A. Walton; Sophia J. Harmon; Frances W. Wright.

Back row, standing, left to right: Ethel M. Beckstrand; Marjorie T. Jenks; Elizabeth R. Thomassen; Eva C. Taylor; Pauline C. Pace; Lucille R. Taylor; Ethelyn D. States, present President.

Barbara D. Howell, President, San Jose Stake Relief Society, reports that former presidents of San Jose First Ward Relief Society and also the eldest sisters in the ward were honored guests at the banquet. The theme for the evening was "The Very Young and Young at Heart." One hundred seventy-six attended. A most unique program was presented by both the young and the old. Yesteryear fashions of five eras were modeled by mothers and daughters. "Since the San Jose Ward was organized from the California Mission in 1935, five wards and a dependent Spanish branch have grown out of the San Jose First Ward. There are now eighty-two Relief Society members in the San Jose First Ward, and 450 members in San Jose Stake."

Photograph submitted by Genevieve L. Anderson

EAST LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), MISSION PARK WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS MAKE MULTI-COLORED HOOKED RUG FOR RELIEF SOCIETY ROOM

Left to right: Grace Laidlaw, President; Carma Clark, Counselor and designer of rug; Fairie Sessions, Counselor.

Genevieve L. Anderson, President, East Los Angeles Stake Relief Society, reports this interesting and worthwhile project:

" 'Tis a rug of many colors, like Joseph's coat of old.
Loving hearts and hands have made it, through hours of work untold."

"These lines from a poem composed by Joanne C. Duncan, and dedicated to Counselor Fairie Sessions, very well describe the multi-colored hooked rug lovingly and patiently made by Relief Society members. The exquisitely hooked piece, which was two years in the making, consists of forty-four sections and will cover an area fifteen by thirty feet. It was hooked by over sixty women for the Relief Society room in the new chapel, for which ground was broken in 1954." In January of that year, Sister Sessions proposed that the organization hook a rug for the Relief Society room in the new chapel. Unanimous approval of her suggestion gave impetus to the project . . . . A talented designer, Carma Clark suggested a pattern that would be effective, yet not too difficult. Thirty colors were used, and each section consists of fifty-four squares, each five and one half inches square. Special mention should be made regarding the devoted efforts of two sisters, each over seventy years of age, who donated far more than their share of work hours: Josie Alleman and Amanda Bassett. The present officers of Mission Park Ward Relief Society are: Grace Laidlaw, President; Sarah Anderson, First Counselor; Fairie Sessions, Second Counselor; Juanita Foley, Secretary-Treasurer."

Photograph submitted by Zella C. Christensen

SOUTH SANPETE STAKE (UTAH), EPHRAIM NORTH, SOUTH, AND WEST WARDS HONOR FORMER PRESIDENTS AT ANNIVERSARY DINNER, March 13, 1956

Zella C. Christensen, President, South Sanpete Stake Relief Society, reports an unusually successful anniversary dinner: "At this anniversary party, all the women who have ever served as presidents of the three Ephraim wards were honored. All of the former presidents who attended were presented a beautiful carnation as a token of our love and appreciation for their fine service. Present presidents of the three wards are:

North Ward — Marcel Poulsen
South Ward — Dorothy Braithwaite
West Ward — Vonda Christensen

"Stake board members in attendance were: Zella C. Christensen, Agnes Anderson, Gladys Dean, Algia Nielson, Orpha Edwards, and Dora Olsen. In all, two hundred and fifty women were in attendance."

Photograph submitted by Elnora T. Loveland

WEST BOISE STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT EASTER MESSAGE "I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD," March 30, 1956

In front, left to right: Wendell Jensen, pianist; Marguerite Ward, First Counselor; Elnora T. Loveland, President; LaRue Campbell, director and chorister; Geneva I.

Peterson, Second Counselor; Josephine Anderson, social science class leader; June Garrett, *Magazine* representative; Thelda Bills, Secretary; Erma Waite, work meeting leader; Genevieve Passy, visiting teacher message leader; Fern Laney, literature class leader; Jane Naylor, organist (seated).

Seated, at the right of the organ: George G. Gore as Peter; Bishop Marion J. Callister as Judas; Sonia Peterson as a young maiden, seated in front of Judas; N. Keith Larsen as a Roman guard; Lois Rasmussen as Mary Magdalene.

Second row, standing fourth from the left: soloist Paul L. Ward.

The following numbers, portraying the mission of Jesus, his crucifixion, and his resurrection, were presented by the Singing Mothers, assisted by a mixed chorus and soloists: "Christ the Lord Is Risen Again"; "Christ Went Up Into the Hills"; "The Lord Is Risen"; "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old"; "Were You There?"; "The Legend of the Garden"; "The Resurrection"; "The Easter Story"; "Words of the Master"; "Peace I Leave With You."

Photograph submitted by Belva J. Petersen

EAST OGDEN STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY RECEIVES GIFT OF *BOUND VOLUMES OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE* AND A BOOKCASE FOR KEEPING THEM

Left to right: Karene Straw, *Magazine* representative, East Ogden Stake Relief Society; Dr. Edward I. Rich; Belva J. Petersen, President, East Ogden Stake Relief Society.

Sister Petersen reports the deep appreciation felt for this generous gift: "The East Ogden Stake Relief Society was presented with the bound volumes of *The Relief Society Magazine* (1914 to and including 1955) and a bookcase to keep them in. They were given to us by Dr. Edward I. Rich, in behalf of his wife, Almira Cozzens Rich, who died January 6, 1954. Sister Rich was a devoted Relief Society worker, serving as the first Relief Society president in Mount Ogden Stake, which position she held for fourteen years (1922-1936). Previous to this calling, she served as ward secretary in the Ogden Fifth Ward, and as counselor to the Weber Stake Relief Society president, Aggie Stevens."

Photograph submitted by Effie F. Meeks

FLORIDA STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Front row, seated, left to right: Josie DeLoache; Willard DePrater; Mary Studebaker; Susan Warren; Renie Tompkins; Nancy Brazzeal, First Counselor; Effie F. Meeks, President; Blannie Jackson, Second Counselor; Doris Smithson; Gladys Kelly; Allie Mae Avery; Phyllis Ladd.

Second row, standing, left to right: Mamie Stalling; Elois Hand; Rosa Lee Brooks; Alice Brimhall; Johnnie L. Johnson; Cassie Bowles; Algie Sauls; Edith S. Box; Mary C. Duran; Margaret Lee; Mary Jorden; Lucille Whitehead; Alzada Chace; Ruth Boone; Ruby Copeland; Mildred Smith, organist.

Back row, standing, left to right: Carrie Rudd; Erma Phelps; Laura DeMerrot; Dulcie Bryan; Thelma Dickey; Lera Harris; Estele Henderson; Mattie Mobley; Annie Jordan; Thelma Sutton; Ruth White; Helen B. Shields; Ramona Demery; Rose Melvin; Jewel Hill; Trixie Davis.

Sister Meeks reports that this occasion was the first time the Florida Stake Singing Mothers have presented the music for quarterly conference since the stake was organized.

The Manti Temple

Gertrude Beck

On the side of a hill, in the heart of the West,
Stands a temple erected to God;
It gleams in pure white . . . a glorious sight,
And is ruled by the straight, tempered rod.

May loved ones find peace in its foundations of truth,
May all brothers and sisters alike
Work together, and search for an almighty strength,
To guide them by day and by night.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Preview of Lessons for 1956-57

Elder Leland H. Monson

THE theology lessons for this year bring to a conclusion our six-year course of study of the Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon. During this course we have studied the lives of these remarkable prophets and have become acquainted with their faith, courage, and devotion in living and teaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. These lessons have culminated in the memorable account of the birth, crucifixion, and resurrection of the Savior and his ministry as an immortal Being here on this continent.

The first two lessons for this year —beginning with 3 Nephi, chapter 15—continue the account of the ministry of Christ among the Nephite people and reveal the great compassion Jesus had for those who manifested such abiding faith in him. These lessons establish the fact that strict adherence to the Gospel Plan is necessary for eternal life and show that peace and happiness come both to individuals and nations who obey the Lord's commandments.

The lessons also describe the great fall of the Nephite nation and show how continued wickedness destroys a people when they do not repent. These lessons also emphasize the fact that The Book of Mormon was written to the Gentiles, the Jews, and the Lamanites of the last days. They show that to the Gentiles would be given the privilege of unveiling the land of America after it had been kept hidden from the nations of the world for centuries. They point out that a great and marvelous work would be accomplished by the Gentiles in the last days. The Jews, the record tells us, would be a hated and despised people, but that the gospel would come to them, that many would begin to believe in Christ, and that they would be restored to the land of their inheritance. The

Lord also held out to the Lamanites some great promises for the last days. Mormon and Moroni directed part of their instructions to these Lamanites. Moroni urged present-day Lamanites to:

> . . . be baptized in the name of Jesus, and lay hold upon the gospel of Christ, which shall be set before you, not only in this record but also in the record which shall come unto the Gentiles from the Jews, which record shall come from the Gentiles unto you (Mormon 7:8).

It is hoped by the author that every Relief Society member will recognize that the primary purpose of The Book of Mormon is to reaffirm and re-establish in the minds of men that Jesus Christ is divine. It is further hoped that every Relief Society sister will be persuaded that firm testimonies of the divinity of Christ and rich personal blessings come to those who, diligently and with a prayerful heart, study The Book of Mormon.

The acceptance of The Book of Mormon as having been written and translated under the inspiration of the Lord will strengthen this testimony. That when this course has been completed, members of the Relief Society will have gained this priceless testimony, is the sincere hope of the author of these lessons and the general board of Relief Society.

The lessons for the coming and final year have been given the following titles and objectives:

Lesson 41—*Jesus Instructs the Nephites* (3 Nephi, chapters 15-21)

> Objective: To show the great compassion of Jesus toward the Nephites who manifested such great faith in him, and his love for children.

Lesson 42—*Christ's Ministry Continued* (3 Nephi, chapters 22-30)

> Objective: To show that strict adherence to the Gospel Plan is necessary for eternal life.

Lesson 43—*The Nephites and Lamanites Become a United People* (Fourth Nephi)

> Objective: To show that peace and happiness come to individuals and nations through living the gospel of Christ in unity.

Lesson 44—*The Fall of the Nephite Nation as Recorded by Mormon* (the Book of Mormon, chapters 1-7; Moroni, chapters 7-9)

> Objective: To show how continued wickedness destroys a nation when it does not repent.

Lesson 45—*Moroni Explains Principles and Ordinances of the Gospel* (the Book of Mormon, chapters 8 and 9; the Book of Ether, chapters 5 and 12:5-41; the Book of Moroni, chapters 1-7, and chapter 10)

> Objective: To show ". . . if the day cometh that the power and gifts of God shall be done away among you, it shall be because of unbelief" (Moroni 10:24).

Lesson 46—*Prophecies Concerning the Jews, Gentiles, and Lamanites in the Latter Days*

> Objective: To show that the prophecies made by Book of Mormon prophets are being fulfilled.

Lesson 47—*A Review of Outstanding Characters of The Book of Mormon*

Objective: To show through a study of the lives of the characters of The Book of Mormon that true greatness is found in a love of God and service to one's fellow men.

Lesson 48—*"A New Witness for Christ"*

Objective: To show that firm testimonies of the divinity of Christ and rich blessings come to those who study The Book of Mormon with a prayerful heart and practice its teachings in their lives.

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Preview of Lessons for 1956-57

Leone O. Jacobs

THE visiting teacher messages for the coming season (1956-57) will conclude the six-year series "Book of Mormon Gems of Truth."

Messages for this year, as in previous years, are selceted from the same material as outlined in the theology course, thus correlating the two. These gems of truth not only portray the character of their authors, but also set forth the eternal, unchangeable principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Book of Mormon prophets were indeed inspired by the Lord as shown by their prophecies and teachings. Messages of scripture dealing with important virtues and principles of the gospel will be discussed, and their practical application brought to our attention. The general subjects are on *revelation*—the words of Mormon in Third Nephi; *prayer*—the words of the Savior to the multitude as given in Third Nephi; *charity*—the words of Mormon in the Book of Moroni; *sustaining authority*—the words of Mormon found in Third Nephi; *love of God*—found in Fourth Nephi, during the period of peace which followed the visit of the Savior to the Nephites; *laboring diligently*—instruction of Mormon to his son, Moroni; *faith*—Mormon's teaching as found in the Book of Moroni; and, last, *the promise concerning a testimony* of The Book of Mormon as given by Moroni in his farewell exhortation.

This promise will insure a testimony of the truthfulness of The Book of Mormon as an added witness of the divinity of the Savior, to anyone who meets the requirements stated therein.

Inasmuch as these messages are brief and have universal appeal, they are suitable for presentation in all homes. It is again recommended that visiting teachers memorize the quotations.

The quotations and their objectives are as follows:

Lesson 41. *"Yea, Wo Unto Him That Shall Deny the Revelations of*

the Lord, and That Shall Say the Lord No Longer Worketh by Revelation . . ." (3 Nephi 29:6).

Objective: To show that faith in continuous revelation is essential to a testimony of the truth of the gospel.

Lesson 42. "*Pray in Your Families Unto the Father, Always in My Name, That Your Wives and Your Children May Be Blessed*" (3 Nephi 18:21).

Objective: To point out the blessings that come from family prayer.

Lesson 43. "*But Charity Is the Pure Love of Christ, and It Endureth Forever; and Whoso Is Found Possessed of It at the Last Day, It Shall Be Well With Him*" (Moroni 7:47).

Objective: To stress the great importance of developing charity.

Lesson 44. "*And Wo Be Unto Him That Will Not Hearken Unto the Words of Jesus, and Also to Them Whom He Hath Chosen and Sent Among Them; For Whoso Receiveth Not the Words of Jesus and the Words of Those Whom He Hath Sent Receiveth Not Him; and Therefore He will Not Receive Them at the Last Day*" (3 Nephi 29:34).

Objective: To point out that hearkening to the words of Jesus and to the words of those whom he has chosen to lead the Church are required of Latter-day Saints.

Lesson 45. "*And It Came to Pass That There Was No Contention in the Land, Because of the Love of God Which Did Dwell in the Hearts of the People*" (4 Nephi 1)

Objective: To give encouragement for eliminating contention through having the love of God in our hearts.

Lesson 46. "*And Now, My Beloved Son, Notwithstanding Their [the Nephites'] Hardness, Let Us Labor Diligently; For If We Should Cease to Labor, We Should Be Brought Under Condemnation; For We Have a Labor to Perform Whilst in This Tabernacle of Clay, That We May Conquer the Enemy of All Righteousness, and Rest Our Souls in the Kingdom of God*" (Moroni 9:6).

Objective: To remind us that we as individuals must never cease laboring to bring souls to Christ.

Lesson 47. "*And What Is It That Ye Shall Hope For? Behold I Say Unto You That Ye Shall Have Hope Through the Atonement of Christ and the Power of His Resurrection, to Be Raised Unto Life Eternal, and This Because of Your Faith in Him According to the Promise*" (Moroni 7:41).

Objective: To show that faith in Jesus Christ is the key to eternal life.

Lesson 48. "*And When Ye Shall Receive These Things, I Would Exhort You That Ye Would Ask God, the Eternal Father, in the Name of Christ, If These Things Are Not True; and If Ye Shall Ask With a Sincere Heart, With Real Intent, Having Faith in Christ, He Will Manifest the Truth of It Unto You by the Power of the Holy Ghost*" (Moroni 10:4).

Objective: To point out that Moroni's promise is certain of fulfillment if prescribed conditions are met.

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

Preview of Lessons for 1956-57

Rhea H. Gardner

THIS is the second year of the course of study on "Food Preparation and Service."

Too often in our day, women look *beyond* the walls of their homes for opportunities and experiences that offer challenge and contribute toward cultural growth. The fact is that the world's greatest laboratories for such experiences are our homes.

Our homes are gold mines of opportunities, but the mining is not successfully done without effort. It requires planning and an earnest and continuous search. The important thing is that each wife and mother approach her task with a feeling of pride in her work as a maker of homes and a builder of characters, and that she allow nothing to blind her vision nor discourage her efforts.

One of the richest shafts in this gold mine is in the area of meal preparation and service. If the mining is carefully and thoroughly done, the rewards are incalculable. The physical health of family members is kept at its best, and ties between mother and children are strengthened through their united relationships in the family kitchens. Since the best foods may be served at a nominal cost, the choosing, preparing, and serving food becomes a real art, satisfying the creative urge that is within us all and turning would-be boredom into deep satisfactions.

Because food preparation is a daily activity, it can be a source of great, creative joy. Everyday duties, when done with competence as well as with love and devotion, enrich us spiritually; spiritual satisfaction is the finest fruit of all endeavor. The same experience results in boredom when we fail to develop skills that assure us success and a growing love for our work.

The objective of these lessons is to teach the basic rules for success in choosing, preparing, and serving food, so that the experience of food preparation will become a real art and furnish recreation as well. What activity does more to re-create one's enthusiasm and love for life than to prepare and serve a delicious food that lifts the spirits and gives comfort and peace to the ravenous appetites of growing children?

The full objective of these lessons will be reached only if each presentation includes a discussion on how each individual food fits into the entire meal picture.The fact that foods are good is not enough; they must also be good with the other foods with which they are served.

Titles for the 1956-1957 course of lessons are as follows:

1. Lunches and Sandwiches
2. Casseroles and Leftovers
3. Party Refreshments
4. Breads
5. Cheese Dishes
6. Desserts
7. Beverages
8. Summary

It is recommended that the demonstration method of teaching be used as much as possible in the presentation of these lessons. The printed or spoken word is made alive and is more likely to become effective in the lives of those who read or hear it, if, in addition, it is demonstrated.

As the solidity of our homes is being tested, and youth is confronted with forces that are in opposition to principles taught within the home, every effort must be made to hold the family together. Delicious foods, prepared by the co-operative effort of family members and served attractively in an atmosphere of peace and love, will do much to keep the family united and working for common ideals.

Literature—Shakespeare in Our Lives

Preview of Lessons for 1956-57

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

WHETHER we will or no, Shakespeare is always with us. Few of us are even mildly aware of the many actual words he places daily in our mouths; fewer still have taken the time to trace these daily phrases back to the plays themselves. And scarcely any of us have ever said aloud one word of thanks or appreciation to this greatest writer in English literature for the warming, cheering, enlarging contributions he makes constantly to our lives.

The purposes of our study of Shakespeare are to understand more fully: (1) how near we are to Shakespeare in our daily lives; (2) how much our awareness of the human and natural worlds about us is quickened through reading him; and (3) how deeply indebted we are to him for his words of universal truth.

Realizing full well that the high qualities of respect and love can never be forced nor dictated, our supreme objective is to understand Shakespeare more fully that we might *enjoy him;* respect and love then follow inevitably. Controversy over origins or influences is not our major concern; nor are we interested in analyzing him as do scholars or critics. We *are* interested in finding within his lines those qualities which have made him immortal; we *do* want to become intimate friends with his characters and to feel at home in his stage settings. Then his words which we hear constantly ringing about us will gather richer meanings. Then his high poetry will sing more strongly within us, and lift us, sadden us, baffle and tease us, just as does life itself when most truly, keenly seen. Then in his speaking more intimately to us we shall realize in simple awe why his works have only increased in use and vitality throughout the centuries.

More fittingly than of any other writer it might be said of Shakespeare that he is "all things to all men." His world of literary truth

is adorned with the delights of the imagination, with poetry, music, beauty, fantasy, suffering, terror, wisdom, compassion. It is his people who come more fully alive on the page than do our neighbors and business associates in so-called "real" life. With him leading us and putting words and visions before our inner eye, we shall plumb depths of wisdom and human insight elsewhere and heretofore unknown to us. And best of all, gradually we shall come to realize that the unifying force of all his plays — Shakespeare himself — has seen life as truly as he has seen it fully. He never cudgels us into accepting any prejudiced, partial view of life as the whole and only one; he never preaches nor poses. Instead, he seems to say, "Here is a version of truth, of life as it has come to me. Consider it as you will; reject or accept it if you must; yield up to it your enjoyment and sympathy if you can."

Our text is G. B. Harrison's *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948, $6. It will be used for the entire course. It is imperative that each class leader have a text, one which is competently edited, with full footnotes at the bottom of each page.

Lesson titles and objectives for the first year follow:

Lesson 1. *Why Shakespeare?*

Objective: To understand the reasons for Shakespeare's greatness and appreciate his contribution to our lives.

Lesson 2. *Shakespeare's World*

Objective: To present the customs, beliefs, and conflicts of Shakespeare's life and world, which were ready to be given harmony and artistic form by his emerging genius.

Lesson 3. *Shakespeare's Poetic Power*

Objective: To feel more profoundly the peculiar power and mystery of Shakespeare's poetry that we might read his works with enlarged understanding and hearts.

Lesson 4. *The Moral Shakespeare*

Objective: To show that in his plays the artist Shakespeare reveals himself as a typical Elizabethan who, among many other values, knew and loved the Bible and its moral teachings; therefore he defined Truth truly.

Lesson 5. *The Merchant of Venice*

Objective: To learn more fully that the two-edged sword of mercy cuts those who do not extend mercy, just as it cuts those to whom mercy is not extended.

Lesson 6. *Romeo and Juliet*

Objective: To witness the great beauty of the poetic expression and dramatic skill of Shakespeare in depicting the love of Romeo and Juliet.

Lesson 7. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Objective: To show that in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare touches our lives through fantasy and poetry; through qualities we all approve, such as love, delight, joy, and humor.

Lesson 8. *Julius Caesar*

Objective: To realize that idealistic men of good will may destroy themselves in bold but imprudent attempts to destroy the evils they feel exist.

Music for Lessons on Shakespeare

Any of Shakespeare's works that are set to music could be used for any lesson, but the following are listed under the most appropriate one.

LESSONS 1, 2, 3, AND 4:

"A Sea Dirge" (solo) *The Tempest*—Chappell and Co., Ltd. 60c

Two Shakespeare Songs (solos) "Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?" (Sonnet); "Full Fathom Five" (A Sea Dirge) *The Tempest*—Chappell and Co., Ltd. 60c

"It Was a Lover and His Lass" (solo) *As You Like It*—G. Schirmer Co., Inc. 50c

"Who Is Sylvia?" (solo) *Two Gentlemen of Verona*—G. Schirmer Co., Inc. 50c

"Shall I Compare Thee?" (solo) Sonnet XVIII—G. Schirmer and Co., Inc. 50c

"Blow, Blow, Thou Wintery Wind" (duet) *As You Like It*—Theodore Presser Co. 20c

"It Was a Lover and His Lass" (trio) *As You Like It*—Oliver Ditson, Co. 22c

"Under the Greenwood Tree" (four-part mixed voices) *As You Like It*—H. J. Fitzsimmons Co. 20c

"Sweet and Twenty" (solo) *Twelfth Night*—Chappell and Co., Ltd. 60c

"Hark, Hark, the Lark" (trio) *Cymbeline*—Theodore Presser Co. 20c

"Who Is Sylvia?" (two-part chorus) *Two Gentlemen of Verona*—G. Schirmer Co. 20c

LESSON 5. *Merchant of Venice*

"Tell Me Where Is Fancy Bred" (solo)—Chappell and Co., Ltd. 60c

LESSON 6. *Romeo and Juliet*

"Come, Black-Browed Night" (four-part chorus)—G. Schirmer Inc. 22c

LESSON 7. *Midsummer Nights Dream*

"I Know a Bank" (duet or chorus)—G. Schirmer Inc. 20c

LESSON 8. *Julius Caesar*

"Orpheus Song" (solo)—Chappell and Company. 60c

If your local dealer is unable to supply these numbers, they may be ordered from the following stores:

Beesley Music Company, 70 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

Daynes Music Company, 15 East First South Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

Glen Brothers Music Company, 74 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

Preview of the Lessons for 1956-57

Elder John Farr Larson

Joseph Smith, the Prophet and Seer of the Lord, has done more, save Jesus only, for the salvation of men in this world, than any other man that ever lived in it. In the short space of twenty years, he has brought forth the Book of Mormon, which he translated by the gift and power of God, and has been the means of publishing it on two continents; has sent the fulness of the everlasting gospel, which it contained, to the four quarters of the earth; has brought forth the revelations and commandments which compose this book of Doctrine and Covenants, and many other wise documents and instructions for the benefit of the children of men; gathered many thousands of the Latter-day Saints, founded a great city, and left a fame and name that cannot be slain. He lived great, and he died great in the eyes of God and his people; and like most of the Lord's anointed in ancient times, has sealed his mission and his words with his own blood; and so has his brother Hyrum. In life they were not divided, and in death they were not separated! (D. & C. 135:3).

THE foregoing excerpt from modern Latter-day scriptures offers a complete and concise summary of the Prophet Joseph Smith's place in the history of the world. It describes vividly the broad scope of his accomplishments within an unbelievably short time. It awakens in every Latter-day Saint a new appreciation for the life of this great leader. One cannot review his service to mankind without concluding that he was inspired of the Lord and divinely called to usher in the dispensation of the fulness of times.

All Latter-day Saints are desirous of becoming more familiar with the "wise . . . instructions for the benefit of the children of men" uttered by the Prophet. He spoke with wisdom on almost every conceivable subject, and most of what he said was far in advance of the thinking of his day.

Some of the Prophet's teachings were directed to God's children everywhere, some to members of the Church only, while still others were spoken to specific groups within the Church. Of special interest to members of the Relief Society are his instructions delivered and recorded at the early meetings of the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo, which was established by the Prophet Joseph Smith in March 1842.

Sarah M. Kimball reported the Prophet as saying, "The Church was never perfectly organized until the women were thus organized" (*Relief Society Magazine*, March 1919, page 129).

The Prophet Joseph's exalted concept of women's status elevated them to a new level. His instructions established a conduct pattern for Latter-day Saint women which they have been taught to follow ever since, perhaps not always being aware of the original source of these instructions. His suggested procedures in serving others and in perfecting ourselves are as applicable today as when they were spoken, and coincide with "new" ideas advanced by the modern experts.

Latter-day Saint women are better wives and mothers by living in accordance with the teachings given them by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Their family life patterns become greatly strengthened. In speaking to the Relief Society on May 26, 1842, the Prophet advised the sisters of Relief Society, "If I were not in your midst to aid and counsel you, the devil would overcome you" (*D. H. C.* V, page 21).

The social science lessons for the coming year are based upon the Prophet Joseph Smith's teachings to Latter-day Saint women. They are offered in the hope that through their consideration Relief Society members everywhere will increase in testimony regarding the Prophet's mission, and in a desire to improve the effectiveness of their great organization by heeding his timely counsel. These 1956-57 lessons are the first year of a course of study designed to strengthen the family, and to consider its problems, position, and blessings in our modern culture.

Lesson titles and objectives for the year are as follows:

Lesson 1—*Joseph Smith's Early Home Life*

Objective: To show the influence of the Prophet's early family life upon

his teachings to the Latter-day Saint women.

Lesson 2—*A New Day For Women*

Objective: To show that the organization of the Relief Society marked the beginning of a new era for women.

Lesson 3—*The Key Is Turned*

Objective: To show significant steps in the organization of the Relief Society and the opportunities for service found in its objectives.

Lesson 4—*Women and the Priesthood*

Objectives: To show the role and responsibilities of Latter-day Saint women in connection with the Priesthood.

Lesson 5—*"Unto the Least of These*

Objective: To show that salvation is the ultimate aim in all service to the needy.

Lesson 6—*"Search Your Hearts"*

Objective: To illustrate the process of perfection and the necessity of eliminating those traits of character which retard our quest for perfection.

Lesson 7—*"Be Ye Therefore Perfect"*

Objective: To suggest the importance of acquiring desirable qualities and to show the blessings in store for those who love the Lord.

Notes on the Authors of the Lessons

THIS year only one writer not previously represented among the authors of the lessons, is introduced to Relief Society members and readers of the *Magazine*.

John Farr Larson, author of the social science lessons, "Latter-day Saint Family Life," was born in Taylor, Weber County, Utah, a son of Patriarch James A. Larson and Olive Farr Larson.

He is a graduate of Weber College and the University of Utah School of Law, and is a practicing attorney in Salt Lake City at the present time. He is a member of the Utah State Bar Association and is currently serving as chairman of the Family Law Section of that organization. He has been admitted to practice law before the Supreme Court of Utah, the United States Court of Military Appeals, and the United States Supreme Court.

In 1938 Elder Larson became affiliated with the Utah State Juvenile Court System and since 1944 he has been Director of the Bureau of Services for Children, Utah State Department of Public Welfare. (This Bureau has administrative supervision of Juvenile Courts, Child Welfare Services in County Departments of Public Welfare, the licensing of Child Placing Agencies and Day Care Centers, and the investigation of adoption petitions for District Courts.)

He is a former President of the Utah Conference of Social Work, the Utah Child Guidance Association, Board of Directors of Salt Lake Community Chest, and is currently a member of the Editorial Advisory Board and Professional Council of the National Probation and Parole Association. In 1950 he served as Chairman, Utah Committee, Mid-Century White House Conference on Children and Youth.

Elder Larson served in the Eastern States Mission from May 1936 until

June 1938. He has always been active in the Church. For many years he served in Scouting and other MIA positions in the Ogden Eighth Ward. He is a former Sunday School superintendent of West Ensign and Canyoncrest Wards, member of the Highland Stake Sunday School Board and superintendency, and for three years a counselor in the bishopric of Canyoncrest Ward. At present he is a member of the Monument Park Stake High Council.

He married Ann Clayson in the Salt Lake Temple in June 1939. They are the parents of two sons and three daughters.

For biographical sketches of the authors of the other lessons, see the following references in *The Relief Society Magazine*:

Elder Leland H. Monson, July 1951, page 472.

Leone Openshaw Jacobs, July 1951, page 473.

Rhea Hurst Gardner, June 1952, page 418.

Elder Briant S. Jacobs, July 1949, page 471.

Sleeping Love

Gertrude Kovan

Night has fallen on the lake—
Silver iced, it gleams.
Magic moonbeams softly trace
Across forgotten dreams
Of other nights when you and I
Stood entranced by love,
Not noting how the silence fell
So quickly from above.

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An Orchard

Christie Lund Coles

An orchard is the loveliest place . . .
In April decked in fairy lace;

In summer, hung with crimson fruit,
A place to hide, a place to loot;

A spot to lie and see the sky,
And watch cloud-images pass by,

To dream as small birds chirp and sing . . .
An orchard is the loveliest thing.

The Testimony Plant

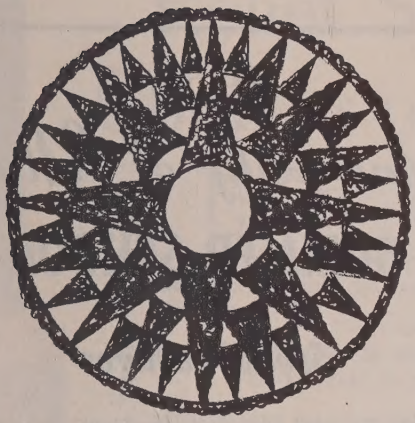
Nancy M. Armstrong

WE all know that a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ is a living, growing thing. All living things need nourishment. When we have a particularly beautiful or rare plant in our gardens we give it extra care. We see that it has sunlight and water, cultivation and plant food. In the garden of life, what is more beautiful than a testimony of the gospel? It is indeed entitled to the choicest spot; to the best care and finest nourishment we can provide for it. A testimony draws its nourishment from activity in the work of the Lord, and in keeping his commandments.

John Keats expressed the idea that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Surely this is true of a testimony. It is a source of joy to the one who possesses it, and a thing of beauty to all who come in contact with it.

When a testimony is in full flowering, it bears many lovely blossoms of good deeds. The more bouquets one gives away to others, the more abundantly the testimony blooms. Like other growing things, a testimony can lie dormant for a period of time, but, if it receives no nourishment, it may wither away.

Our first obligation is to see that our own testimonies are receiving all the sunlight and nourishment they need to keep them in full flowering. Our next duty is to feel the responsibility to reach out to some fine sister whose testimony is lying dormant and help her bring it into bloom, so that her garden of life will be rich with the perfume "peace of mind"; the fragrance of every true testimony.



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Elizabeth Williamson

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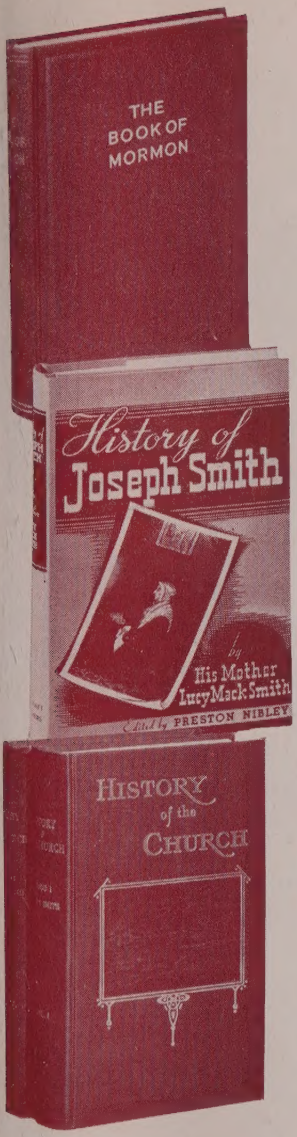

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